JUNE 14, 2004

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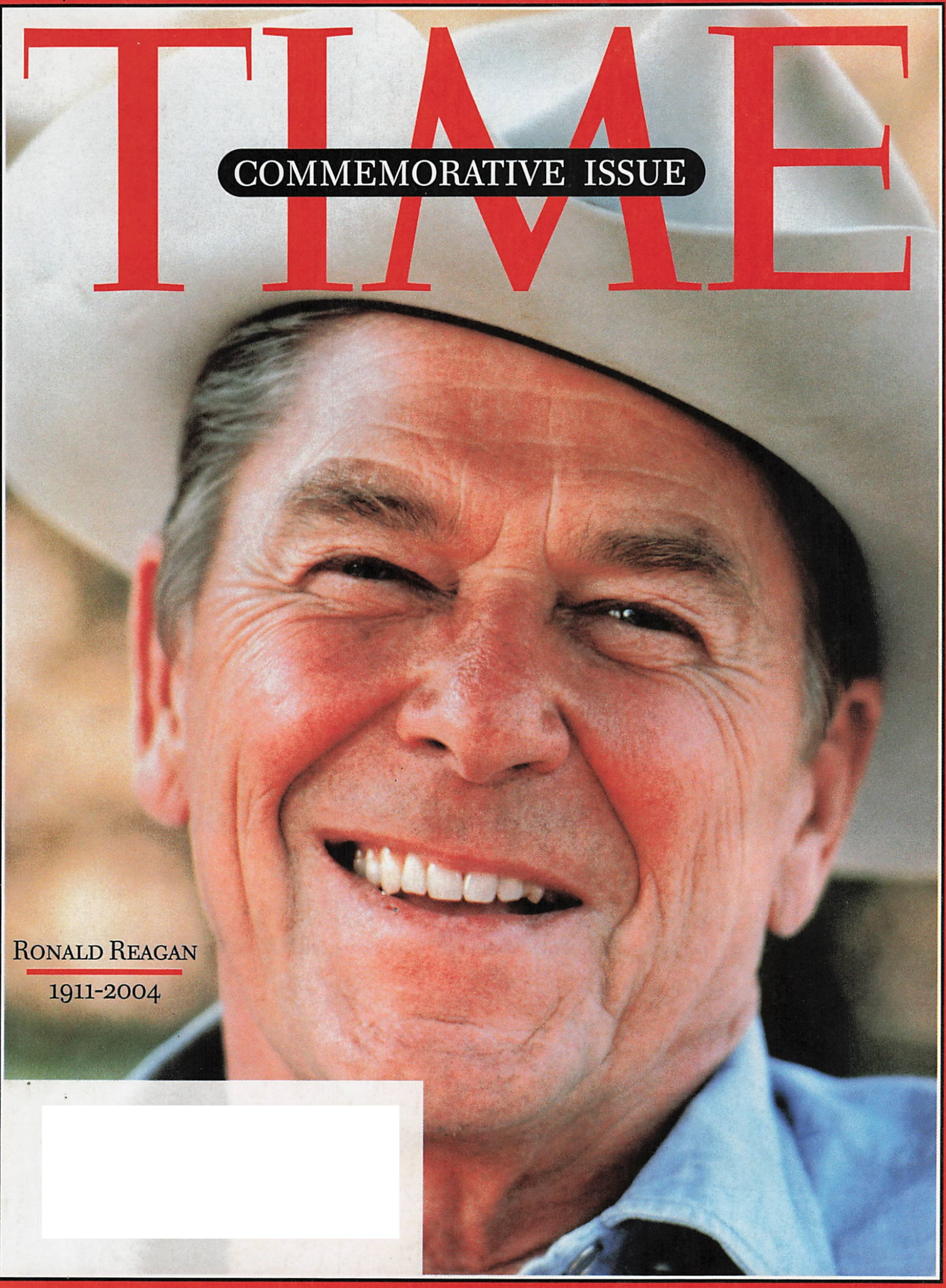
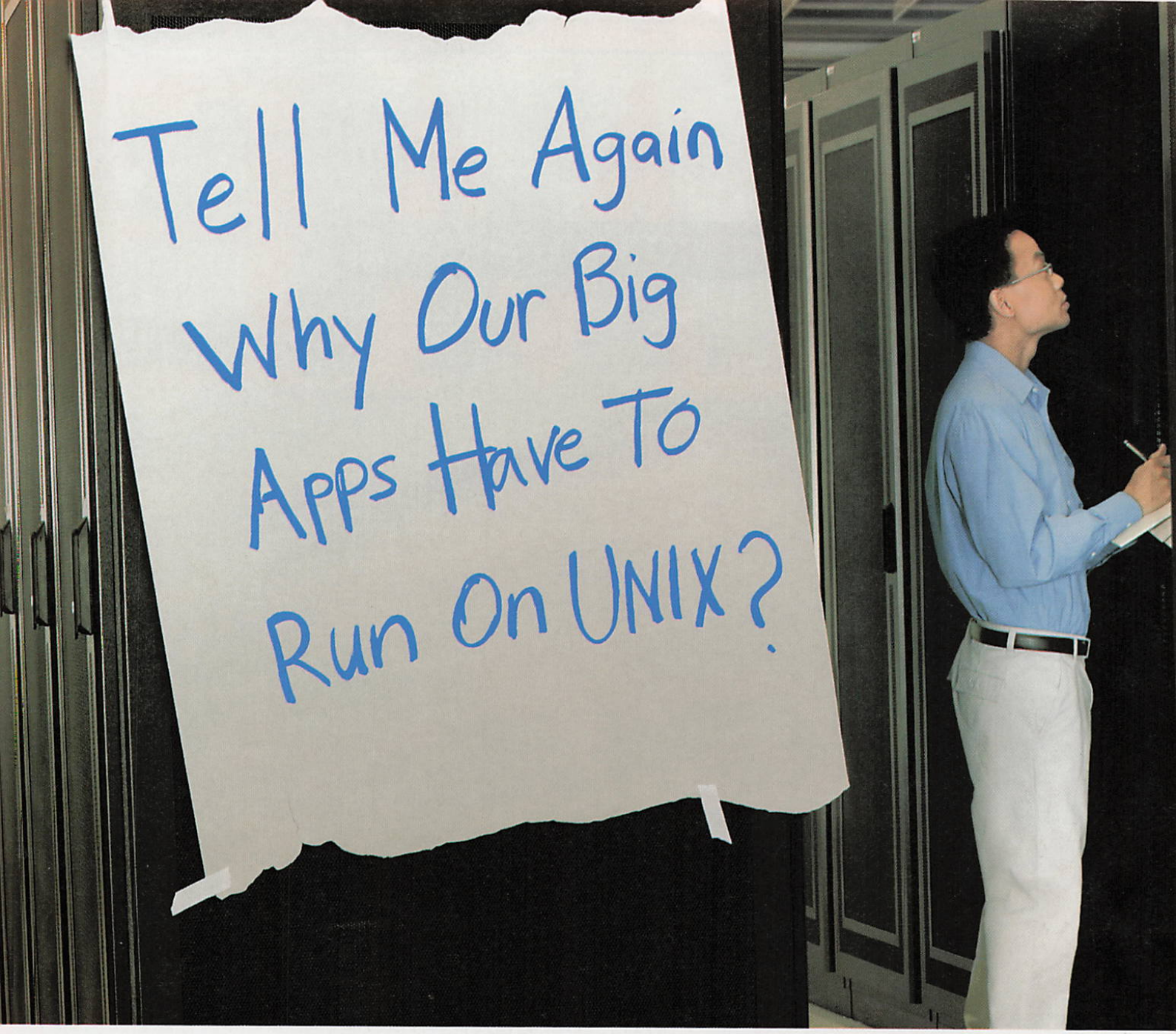
TIME

COMMEMORATIVE ISSUE



RONALD REAGAN

1911-2004



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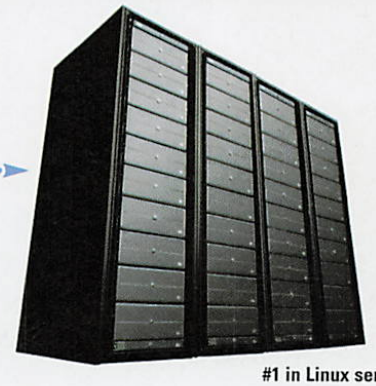

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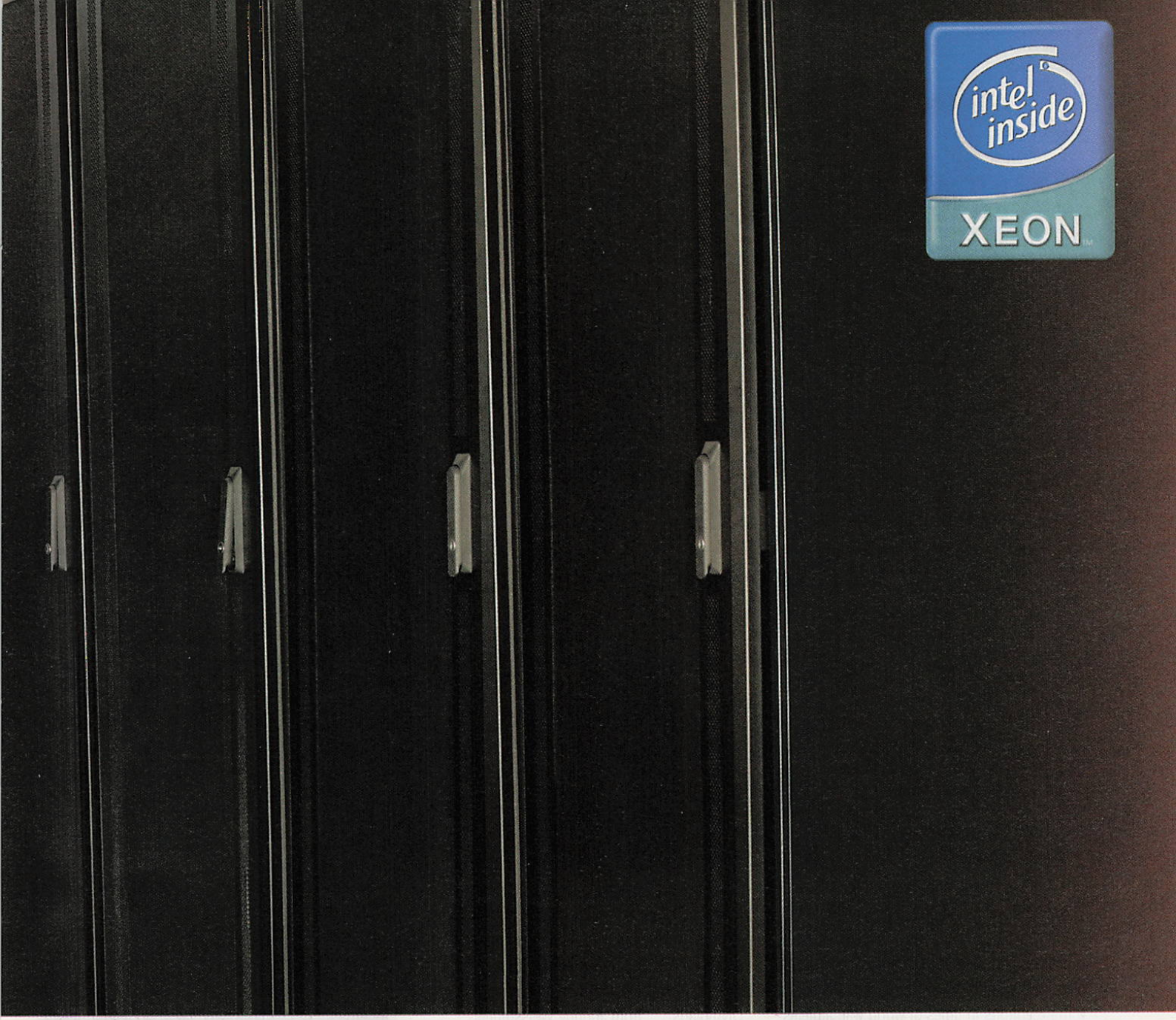

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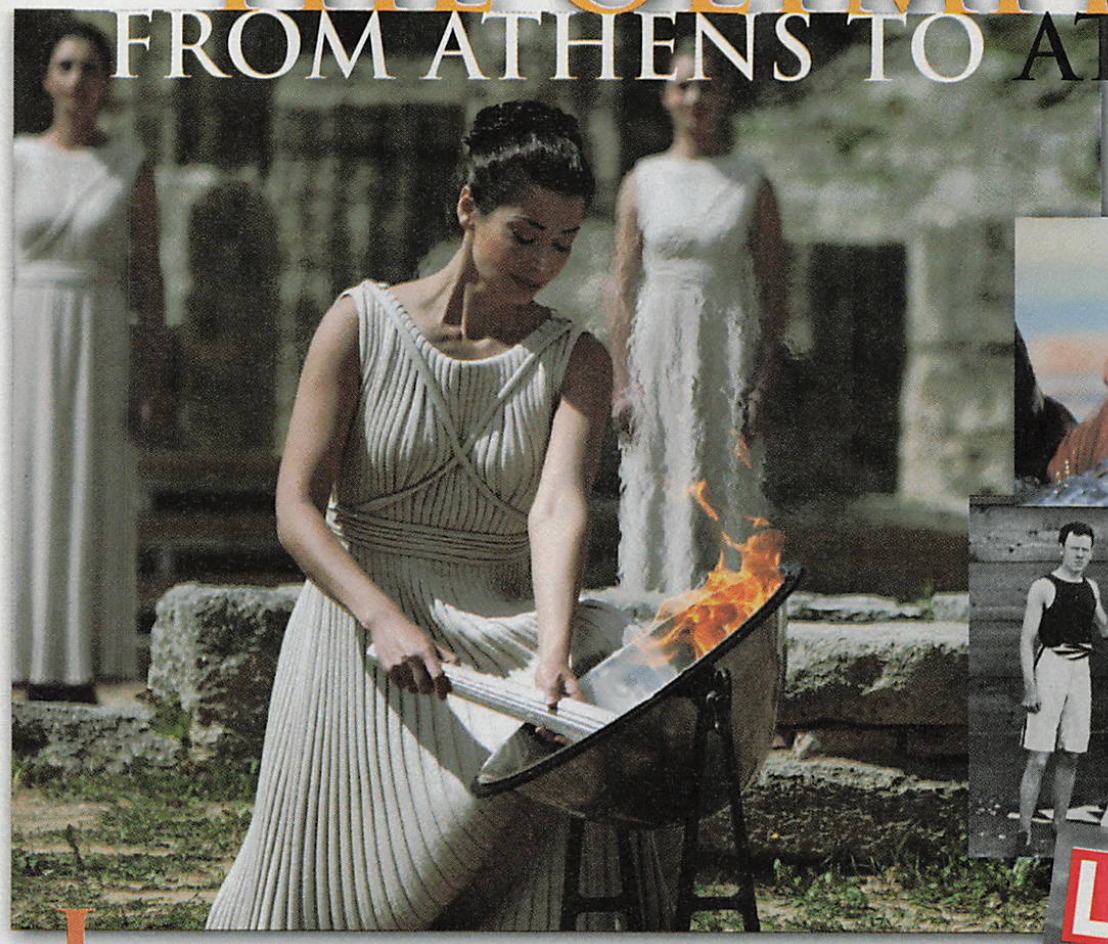
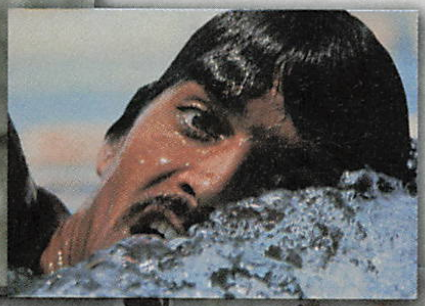
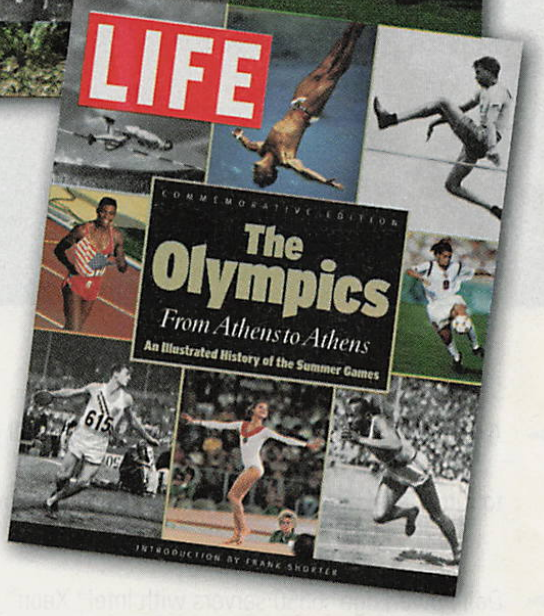
THE OLYMPICS
FROM ATHENS TO ATHENS



Greek actress Thalia Prokopiou lights this year's Olympic flame (left). Many of the greatest Olympic athletes, including Mark Spitz, James Connolly and Mia Hamm, are featured in *The Olympics*.





In 1896, a French nobleman, Baron Pierre de Coubertin, drawing on his research into the grand athletic competitions in ancient Greece, successfully revived the Olympic Games at the place of their birth. Every four years thereafter, with exceptions in times of world war, athletes from around the globe have gathered to compete in these great spectacles. Through the years, there have been remarkable displays of prowess, stamina, sportsmanship and courage. Blood, sweat and many tears have been shed.

All of this will be experienced once again this summer, from August 15-29, when the Olympics return home—to Athens. And, on the occasion of this homecoming, the entire rich, colorful history of the Olympic pageant has been captured in a special edition from LIFE.

LIFE returns to the scene where, 108 years ago, James Connolly, an American who had dropped out of Harvard to compete in track contests at de Coubertin's festival, won the triple jump. His victory was the first in the Olympic arena since 369 A.D.—but it was hardly the last. Other Americans joined Connolly in the winner's circle at the inaugural modern Olympics, and in 1900 they were followed by the first female competitors and champions, in 1904 by the first African-American medal winner and on through the Olympiads . . . from Johnny Weissmuller, Wilma Rudolph, Mark Spitz, Greg Louganis and Flo Jo to such heroes as basketball star Earvin "Magic" Johnson and soccer star Mia Hamm, who won a gold medal in Atlanta in 1996 and will return to action in Athens this year.

The Games have had their "little darlings"—Nadia, Olga, Mary Lou—and their broad-shouldered leading men: Thorpe, Clay, Mathias. They have had rivalries fraught with drama and passion: Carl Lewis against Ben Johnson, Jesse Owens against Adolf Hitler's Aryan crusade, the Chariots of Fire boys. They have been marked, often, by pure, almost unbearable excitement—all captured in vivid imagery and stirring narrative in this special LIFE commemorative.

As the Games return to Athens, ready to inspire us anew, LIFE salutes the athletes . . . and the Olympics themselves.

Photos: Thalia Prokopiou—Aris Messinis/AFP/Getty Images; Mark Spitz—Co Rentmeester; James Connolly—Albert Meyer/IOC Olympic Museum Collections; Mia Hamm—Chris Cole/Duomo/Corbis

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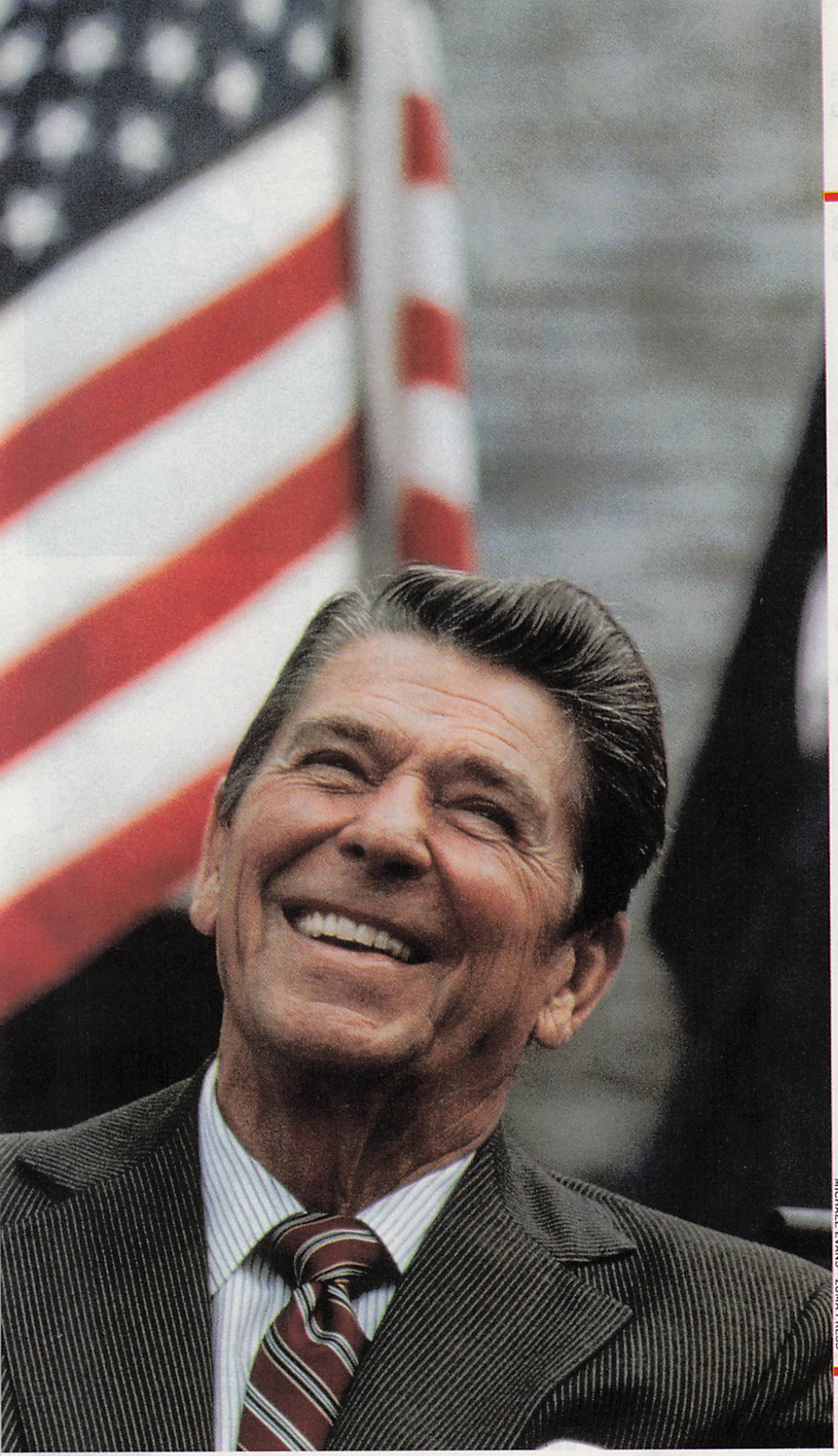

MICHAEL EVANS—ZUMA PRESS

TIME

June 14, 2004
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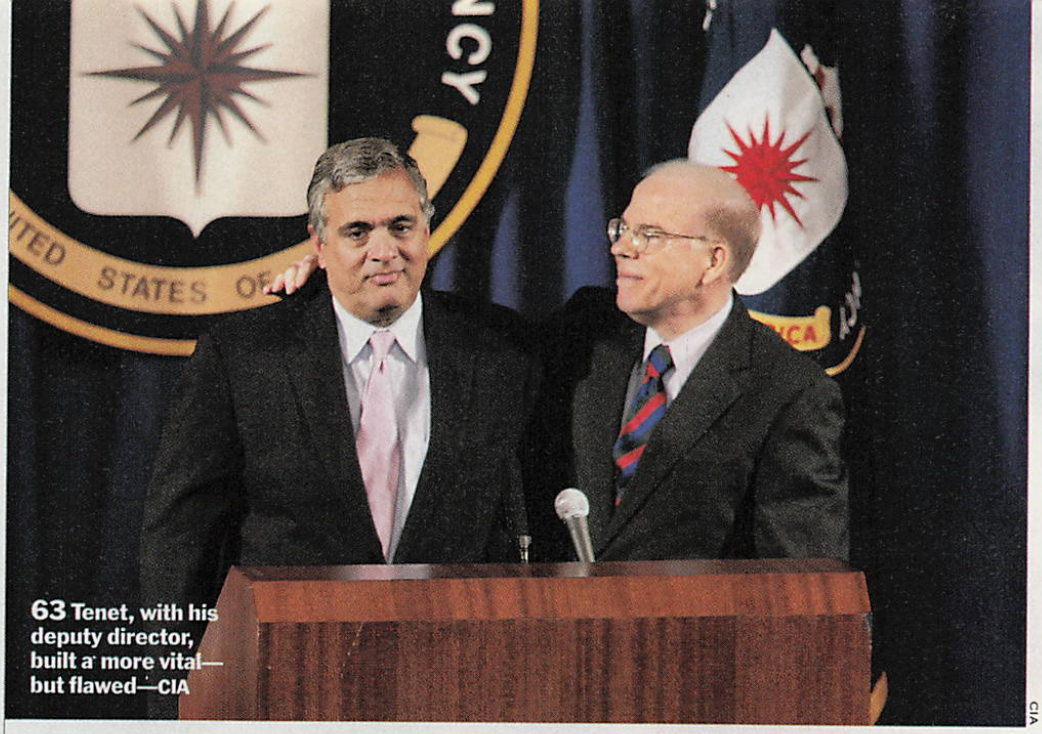
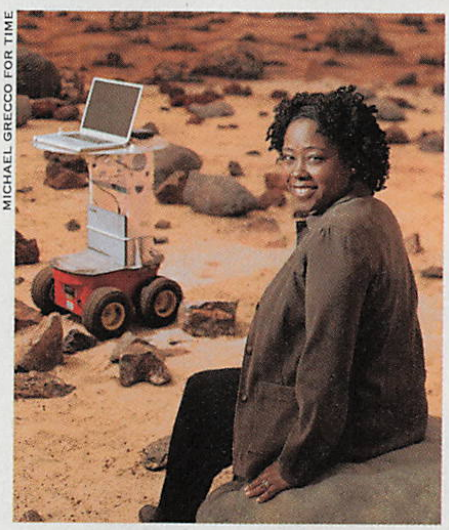


63 Tenet, with his deputy director, built a more vital—but flawed—CIA

CIA



MICHAEL GRECCO FOR TIME

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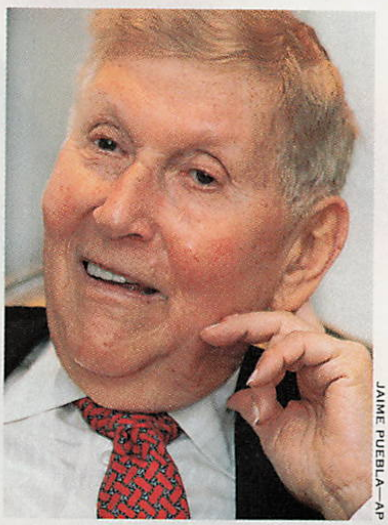

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REAGAN ONLINE

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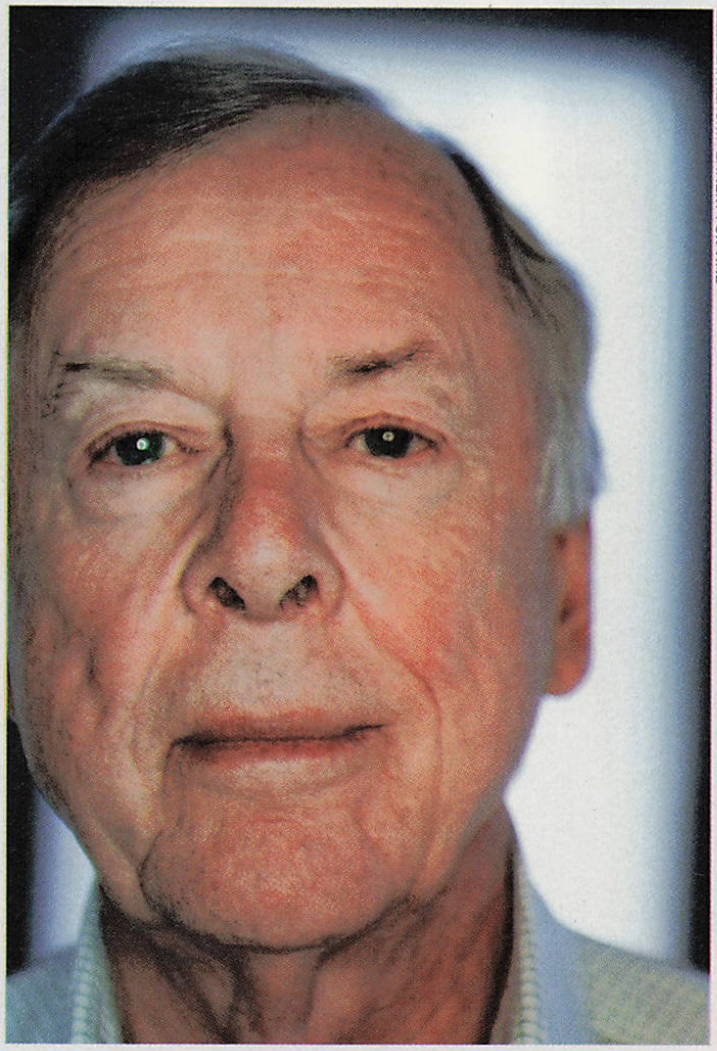
10 QUESTIONS FOR T. BOONE PICKENS

HIS NAME SOUNDS AS IF IT BELONGED TO A BLUES SINGER, AND THIS TEXAS oilman has made plenty of executives cry. The hostile-takeover artist, 76, was targeting CEOs 20 years ago for caring more about their salaries than about their shareholders. (Sound familiar?) TIME's Julie Rawe and Jyoti Thottam talked to the hugely successful hydrocarbon investor about our latest oil troubles.

DO YOU THINK GAS PRICES WILL HIT $3 A GALLON IN THE U.S.? They could go beyond $3. We're pretty close to peaking on what the oil industry can produce worldwide. It's hard to add production, and we're also dealing with decline curves on some of the big fields. All the refineries around the world are running at full capacity. You have demand going up, and you don't have the refinery capacity to take care of it.

WILL OPEC'S DECISION TO RAISE ITS OIL PRODUCTION MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE? I think that there's not much more production to come from OPEC. They're basically maxed out. They keep saying they're going to produce more oil, and it doesn't make that much difference.

WHAT ABOUT UNTAPPED OIL RESERVES IN CANADA? There's no question that tar sands in Canada are probably the largest source of oil available to the U.S. over a long period of time. There's as much oil in the tar sands probably as there is in Saudi Arabia. The problem is, there's a huge capital requirement to develop that. It's really mining oil, not producing it in a conventional way. Consequently, only about a million barrels a day come out of the tar sands. And it takes several years to ramp up that production.



LEE BLANKENSHIP EMMERT FOR TIME

DO YOU THINK THAT AS OIL PRICES RISE, CONSUMERS WILL FIND NEW WAYS TO CONSERVE, LIKE BUYING MORE HYBRID CARS? Yes, I think the consumer is going to deal with the price of gasoline, probably in several ways. One would be on a new car purchase. A hybrid would have to be a prospect. Two, they'll cut back on their driving. But remember that the price of gasoline in Europe is $5 a gallon. We've had the lowest price for gasoline consistently as long as I can remember.

WILL THE GASOLINE AGE SOON BECOME A THING OF THE PAST, LIKE THE STONE AND BRONZE AGES? We'll be out of the hydrocarbon era before we get to 2100. We'll phase in other forms of energy by 2050. We've got to use hydrogen someplace in there. For the short term, we've got to use more of our coal reserves in the U.S., and I would suppose we'll go back to looking seriously at nuclear.

DO YOU THINK WE WENT TO WAR IN IRAQ BECAUSE OF ITS OIL FIELDS? I don't think for a minute we went to Iraq for oil. It just so happened that it had oil. But I think we'll come out of the Iraqi situation with a call on their oil at market price.

DOES IT BOTHER YOU THAT EVERYONE KEEPS REFERRING TO YOU AS A CORPORATE RAIDER? To me, that was always an unusual way to identify somebody who had gone in and invested a lot of money in a company. I always saw myself as a large stockholder trying to make a difference. I wasn't raiding anybody.

YOU'VE MADE MORE MONEY IN THE PAST FIVE YEARS THAN IN THE PREVIOUS 70. WHAT'S YOUR SECRET? I think I have more patience now than I did in the past. Maybe it's luck. I don't know. We're managing $675 million in our two hydrocarbon funds and over $1 billion in all of our accounts. Our commodity fund is up 150% this year, and our equity fund is up 27%.

I HEAR YOU'RE A FITNESS FANATIC. HOW OFTEN DO YOU WORK OUT? Last year I averaged 24.4 days a month.

WHAT KIND OF GAS MILEAGE DOES YOUR CAR GET? Probably 15 to 18 miles a gallon, but I have a five-year-old BMW with 35,000 miles on it, so I'm not a big factor in the gasoline market. ■

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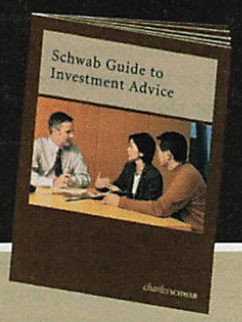

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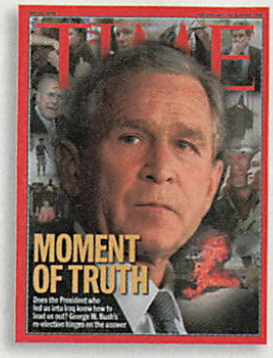
LETTERS



Iraq: Moment of Truth

"It is not a matter of people losing confidence in Bush and the war. From the beginning, many of us had no faith to lose."

JORGE OVALLE
Normal, Ill.

SHAME ON THOSE AMERICANS WHO NO longer support the war in Iraq [May 24]. A war that was right when the first U.S. soldier was killed had better still be right after the deaths of more than 800 of our troops. The war may not be as easy as we thought it was going to be, but that doesn't mean it is wrong. We Americans should remain loyal to our military, including our Commander in Chief and those directly in charge of the troops in Iraq. If we rally around our military and its leaders when the going gets tough, they will make us proud, as they always have.

MIKE GALLAGHER
Houston

WHERE IS A PRESIDENT LIKE HARRY TRUman when we need him? Truman was willing to drop atom bombs to save the lives of American troops. In the face of enormous public disapproval, he fired General Douglas MacArthur. Truman showed courage and decisiveness when confronted with seemingly impossible situations. The whys and hows of the quagmire in Iraq would not faze him. He would either order the troops home or unleash the full might of the military on those who disrupt our efforts in Iraq. Moreover, he would take full responsibility for the decision.

WILLIAM H. HEDRICK
Albany, Ga.

I'M FED UP WITH THE IDEA THAT EUROPE is indebted to the Americans because they saved us in 1944. The U.S. had a choice: a Nazi Europe, a Stalinist Europe or entering World War II. Neither Nazism nor Stalinism was in the U.S.'s best interest, so it entered the war. Europeans may be indebted to those G.I.s who fought here 60 years ago but certainly not to the Bush Administration.

PASCAL DURUISSEAU
Nivelles, Belgium

YOU ASKED IF THE PRESIDENT WHO LED us into Iraq knows how to lead us out. Bush did not lead me into Iraq; he dragged me, kicking and screaming, along with millions of others who could foresee the catastrophe this ill-advised action would produce.

CHARLIE ROSE
Boulder, Colo.

YOUR COVER REFERRED TO THIS AS BEING George W. Bush's moment of truth in Iraq. If this is the case, then it's better late than never.

JAMES GALLAGHER
Petaluma, Calif.

I LIKE BUSH VERY MUCH AS A PERSON; HE is the most humane President the U.S. has had. He is not, however, a calculating politician. He has been poorly advised by his Vice President, his Secretary of Defense and others in his Cabinet, and the blame rests with them. Bush has a benevolent heart; he wants what is best for Americans. He is a man of faith and goodwill, but he lacks the intellectual capacity to be a President.

JUNE GOMEZ
Orlando, Fla.

TIME DWELLS OBSESSIVELY ON ALL THE bad news, the blood and guts, of the Iraq war. Can't you report just once on the good that U.S. and coalition troops have been doing? Let's hear about the positive things that President Bush and our people have achieved over there.

TIM SWALLOW
Waterloo, Iowa

IT IS NOT A MATTER OF PEOPLE LOSING confidence in Bush and the war. From the beginning, many of us had no faith to lose. Your story noted that General John Abizaid, head of the U.S. military's Central Command, exhorts the troops to

keep the faith and emphasizes the good things that are happening in Iraq. That might change people's perception of the war, but it won't change the reality of it.

JORGE OVALLE
Normal, Ill.

Bush's Problem—and Ours

JOE KLEIN STATED THAT SOONER OR LATER John Kerry has to tell voters whether he thinks the war was worth it and "whether he believes America has a responsibility to restore stability and rebuild Iraq" [May 24]. That doesn't make sense. The real issue is not what Kerry thinks but whether President Bush, who took us

EASY DOES IT—AGAIN

SUNGSU CHO—POLARIS FOR TIME

Our story "Life on the Front Lines," about the 2nd Battalion, 2nd Marines' Easy Company and its operations battling Iraqi insurgents in Fallujah [May 10], drew a number of letters from veterans who believed that the company's name wasn't Easy but Echo. According to the military's phonetic alphabet—Alpha, Bravo, Charlie, Delta, Echo—E Company would logically be called Echo Company, so why isn't it? As the Marine Corps News reported in January 2003, "The Marines of the current Echo Company have recently been given the green light ... to refer to their company once again, in all but official matters, as Easy Company." Reason: during World War II, the company's original nom de guerre was Easy Company. The unit fought tenaciously in the Battle of Tarawa and other key actions, and as the Marine Corps News noted, **"THE UNIT'S CURRENT MARINES FELT A NEED TO ESTABLISH A LINK TO THAT HISTORY."** Terry Kindlon of Albany, N.Y., was one of several readers who questioned the name, and when he learned the reason for Easy Company's designation, he noted, "That's a great story. And although there's obviously nothing 'easy' about what Easy Company is doing in Iraq, that is just the sort of irony that appeals to Marines, who are known for their lighthearted, whistling-past-the-graveyard sense of humor."

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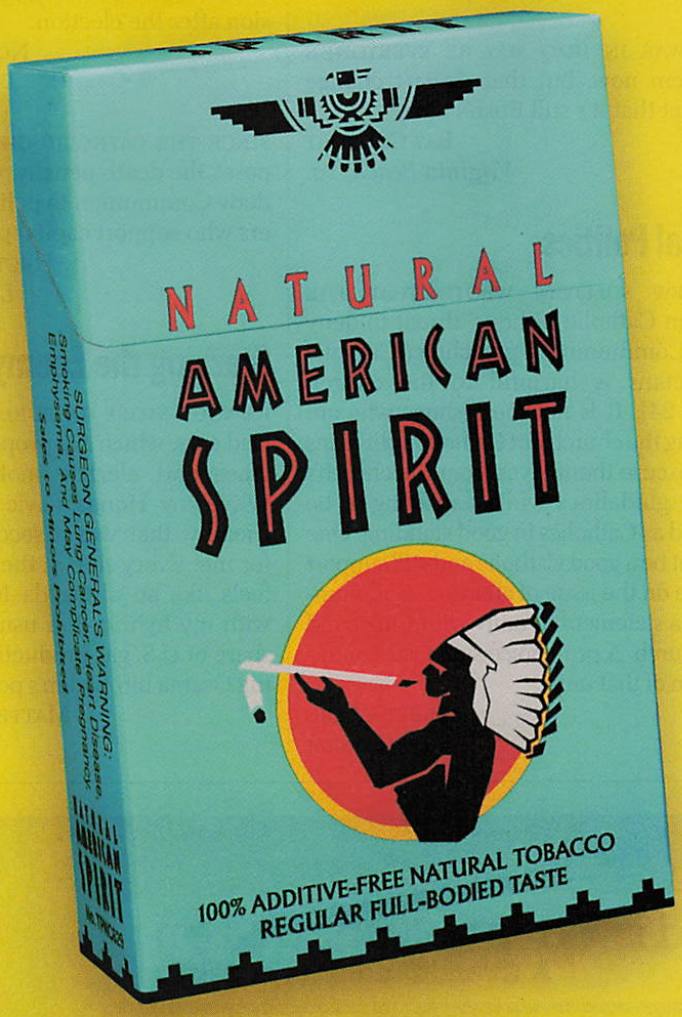

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into an unjustified war without a rational plan to get us out, is competent to continue to lead our nation.

DAVID SOUKUP
Suquamish, Wash.

THE WAR IN IRAQ MAY BE EVERYONE'S problem now, but that doesn't change the fact that it's still Bush's fault.

RAY GREGORY
Virginia Beach, Va.

Ritual Politics

ANDREW SULLIVAN WROTE THAT THE Roman Catholic bishops' threat to deny Holy Communion to pro-choice Catholic politicians is harmful to the church [May 24]. It is not the bishops who are hurting the church but Catholic politicians who excuse themselves from the church's moral guidelines while expecting to be treated as Catholics in good standing. One cannot be a good Catholic and still support choice on the issue of abortion. Communion is a statement of unity with Christ and his church. A pro-choice stand is a contradiction of that unity.

ALBERT CLERC
Houston

CATHOLICS, LISTEN UP! IF YOU VOTE FOR Kerry, you'll be damned, but that's in the future. If you vote for Bush, you'll prolong the hell we're already in. Easy choice. Vote for Kerry, and go to confession after the election.

NORA JEAN SMITH
San Diego

SINCE THE CATHOLIC CHURCH ALSO OPposes the death penalty, will the bishops deny Communion to politicians and voters who support capital punishment?

HECTOR TIMOURIAN
Livermore, Calif.

Starving the Enemy

RE YOUR STORY ON FUEL-EFFICIENT HYbrid cars, which are propelled by gas engines and electric motors [May 24]: While my Honda Civic hybrid is ecofriendly, that was a secondary concern for me. Every stop at the gas pump now feels like an al-Qaeda fund raiser, but with my hybrid, I'm using only my fair share of U.S. gas production. I'm not lining Osama bin Laden's pockets anymore.

MATTHEW MCINTOSH
Gretna, La.

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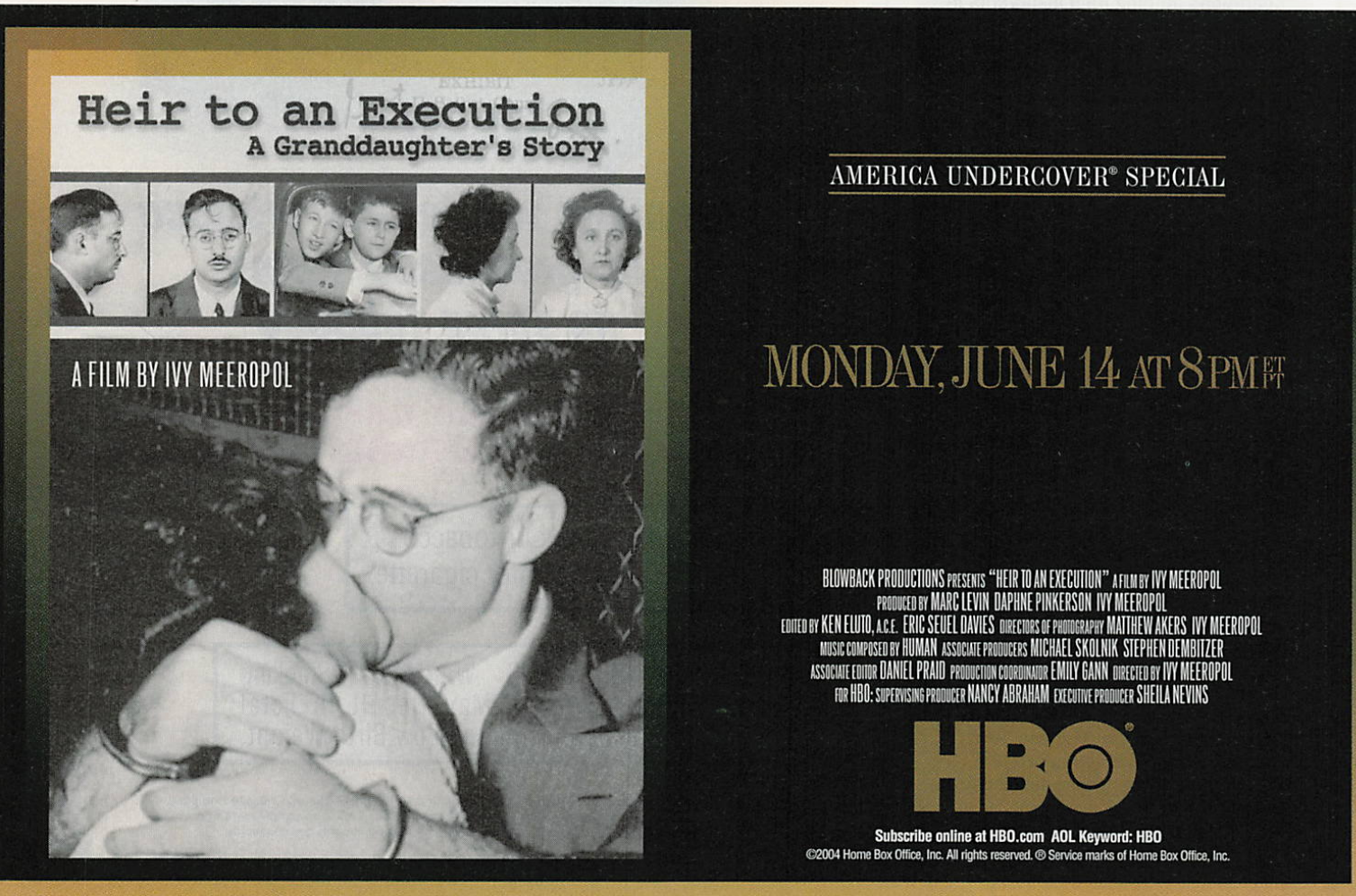
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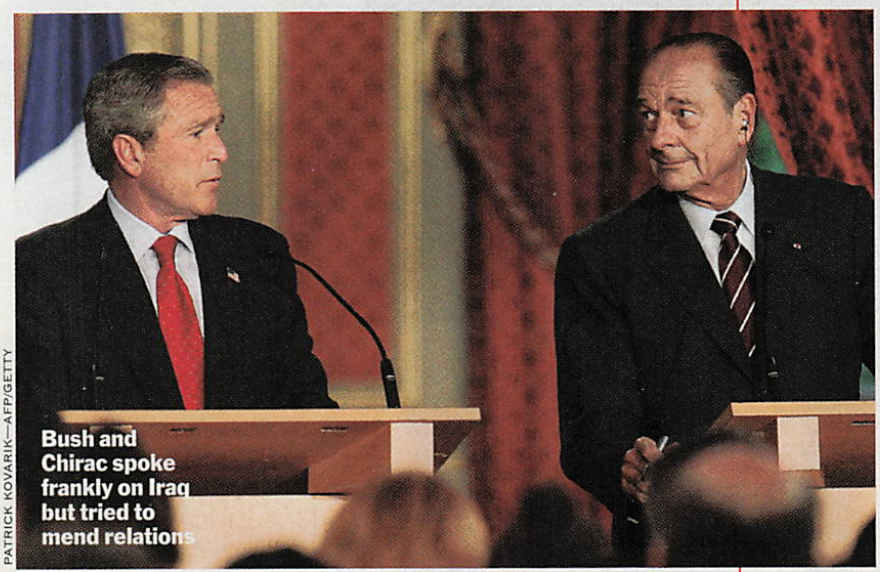
A PEACE PRESIDENT?

MEETING WITH French President Chirac last weekend, President Bush tried hard to keep smiling. Even during a joint press conference in which the two aired their differences on Iraq (Chirac voicing concern about the "degree of chaos prevailing" in the country), Bush tried to emphasize their common goals. The visit was not just an attempt to mend the rupture between the two countries over the war but also an important step in Bush's monthlong effort to show that he is an enthusiastic member of the international community. This week he will be host of the leading economic countries in Sea Island, Ga., and he will attend the NATO summit in three weeks in Istanbul.

Indeed, the President is privately telling aides that after leading the nation to war in his first term, he wants to spend his next four years being "a peace President." Officials in the Administration contend he has more credibility as a diplomat now that he has shown a willingness to use force to back his principles. "The reason diplomacy will be effective in a second term is because of the use of the military," says a senior Administration official. Doubters suspect the shift is aimed at coaxing other nations to help rescue his failing Iraq policy—and to present a less warlike face to voters. Bush campaign advisers concede as much. "It may help overseas, yes," says a top Bush campaign adviser, "but if nothing else, it gives us ammunition to push back against Kerry."

Yet despite the President's efforts, the diplomatic tensions won't simply disappear. When Bush was asked if he would offer Chirac a coveted invitation to his Texas ranch, the President seemed hesitant. "If he wants to come and see some cows, he's welcome to come out there," he told the French magazine *Paris Match*. Chirac, a former agriculture minister, was just as cool in an NBC interview. "I myself am from a region," he noted, "where we raise cows—probably the most beautiful and best in the world." —***By John F. Dickerson***



PATRICK KOVARIK—AFP/GETTY

Bush and Chirac spoke frankly on Iraq but tried to mend relations

VERBATIM

"The hope is that this government will prove its worthiness and integrity and its firm readiness to perform the mammoth tasks it is burdened with."

GRAND AYATULLAH ALI HUSAINI SISTANI, *spiritual leader of Iraq's Shi'ite Muslims, in a restrained endorsement of the newly appointed Iraqi interim government*

"My meetings with him were very brief."

PRESIDENT GEORGE W. BUSH, *on his relations with Ahmad Chalabi, the Iraqi political figure and former Administration favorite, now being investigated for allegedly leaking U.S. intelligence to Iran*

"In the past few weeks, other deplorable events have come to light which have troubled the civic and religious conscience of all."

POPE JOHN PAUL II, *meeting with President Bush, in an apparent reference to allegations of prisoner abuse in Iraq*

"Burn, baby, burn. That's a beautiful thing."

ENRON TRADER, *after a forest fire shut down a major transmission line into California, on an audio tape showing apparent collusion to manipulate energy prices in the state*

"If you look back on the '60s and think there was more good than harm, you're probably a Democrat. If you think there was more harm than good, you're probably a Republican."

BILL CLINTON, *former President, kicking off a book tour for his new autobiography,* My Life

"Our days are really numbered."

HOWARD STERN, *controversial radio talk-show host, on air, speaking of the resignation of Viacom president (and Stern backer) Mel Karmazin*

"I would've never done it if I knew. It didn't have a name on it."

KEITH COOK, *president of the Orange County, N.C., school board, who, for much of his speech at a graduation ceremony, plagiarized a 1999 speech by former Health and Human Services Secretary Donna Shalala that he found on the Internet*

Sources: Reuters; Chicago *Tribune*; Reuters; CBS; New York *Times*; *Variety*; *Herald-Sun*

It's swim or swim.

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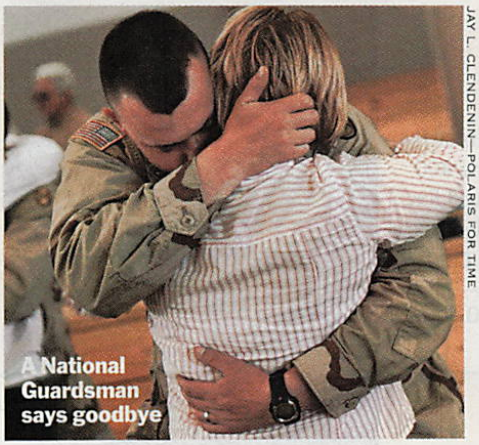


JAY L. CLENDENIN—POLARIS FOR TIME

A National Guardsman says goodbye

Stretching the Troops in Iraq

THE ARMY HAS SPENT MUCH of the past several months, in the words of a senior Army officer, "looking under rocks for every spare soldier" to send to Iraq. It took formal action last week to stretch its troop strength as far as possible. According to the so-called stop-loss order, soldiers will be kept in uniform for an extra three months before and after their units' one-year stint in Iraq or Afghanistan. By unilaterally extending their enlistments by as much as 18 months, the policy will force tens of thousands of soldiers to put personal plans on hold. Democratic presidential candidate John Kerry calls it a "back-door draft."

The Army has already taken several steps to stretch the strapped forces. It has kept units in Iraq beyond the one year that the Army originally pledged that they would be there and has tapped into the ranks of reservists and retirees to bulk up the overall Army force from 480,000 to 640,000. Now it wants to send crack units from California's National Training Center and Louisiana's Joint Readiness Training Center to Iraq, which some fear could hurt prewar training at home.

But will these measures be enough to avoid sending still more troops to Iraq? The official line is yes, but privately many senior officers are dubious. "We don't have a strategic reserve anywhere in Iraq," frets a Central Command officer, referring to a lack of U.S. reinforcements in that country. A briefing delivered recently to top U.S. military officers in Iraq put it bluntly: "Inadequate forces if situation deteriorates." U.S. commanders say that if things go south, they can get reinforcements from U.S. bases. "We've got enough here for the 90% probability," a senior Army officer in Baghdad says. It's the other 10% that's keeping some U.S. officers up nights.

—By Mark Thompson

PERFORMANCE OF THE WEEK

GARY HERSHORN—REUTERS

Even the winning jockey, Edgar Prado, seemed disappointed. "I'm very sorry that happened," he said after his horse, BIRDSTONE, beat Smarty Jones in the Belmont Stakes by a length, "but I had to do my job." Thoroughbred racing fans should be accustomed by now to that sick feeling, with six horses in the past eight years having lost the Triple Crown in the final stretch, but Smarty Jones, the country's sweetheart, was supposed to be different. There was one group, however, that went home happy: the folks who bet on Birdstone, whose odds were 36 to 1.

DEJA VU AT THE FLORIDA POLLS?

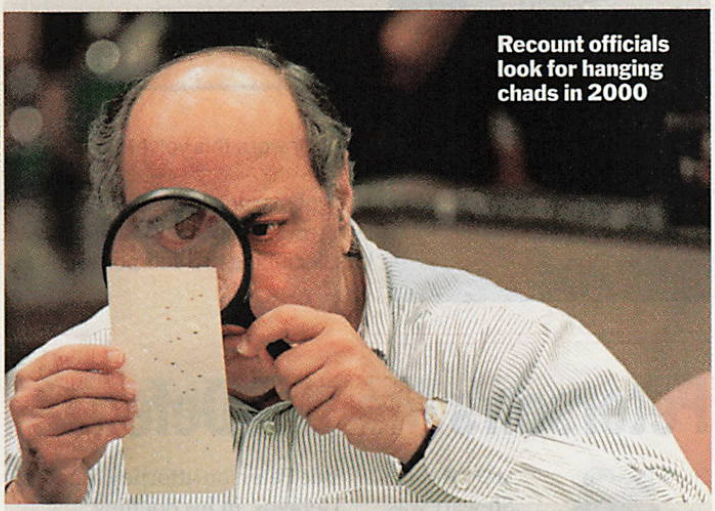
PHIL COALE—AP

Secretary Hood

After the 2000 presidential-election debacle in Florida, state and county election officials there agreed to examine whether the names of more than 19,000 people should be restored to the voter rolls because most of them may have been mistakenly identified as convicted felons and thus ineligible to vote. (In Florida, convicted felons must apply to get back their voting rights after their sentences are complete, though few manage to do so.) Those disenfranchised voters took on increased significance when Bush won the state by just 537 votes. Have the snafus been fixed? Florida Secretary of State Glenda Hood has now told county supervisors that 47,000 more names are likely to be purged from the voter rolls this year, and election watchdogs fear that Florida is poised to repeat the mistakes of 2000 on a much larger scale.

Hood argues that the criteria for removing people from the rolls are more stringent than they were in 2000 and that supervisors are now required by law to inform those named. "New safeguards assure that error rates will be kept to a minimum," Hood's spokeswoman says. But critics say the state is using the same flawed database that misidentified so many voters in 2000 and has done little to improve its accuracy. Hood staunchly denies that politics is at play, but her critics point out that almost a third of those listed reside in the heavily Democratic South Florida counties of Miami-Dade, Broward and Palm Beach. Polls show that Democratic contender John Kerry and President Bush are running neck and neck in the state, where the President's brother Jeb is Governor.

ROBERT KING—GETTY



Recount officials look for hanging chads in 2000

The chads may hit the fan this week when Florida's 67 county elections supervisors meet in Key West and debate how to handle Hood's purge list of 47,000. Confirming the list's accuracy is now their responsibility, and some elections supervisors are eager to avoid a replay of 2000. "We already found one person [on the list] whose [criminal] charges had later been reduced to a misdemeanor," says a G.O.P. supervisor. Given what happened in 2000, he adds, "I'm going to err on the side of the voter this time."

—By Tim Padgett

HITCHCOCK'S I.D.? GOING ONCE ...

SUMMER IS THE SEASON, IT SEEMS, FOR HAWKING HISTORY'S PRIVATE TREASURES. UP FOR BID THIS month are knickknacks from the estates of Kate Hepburn and Doris Duke, as well as some 400 items from Barbra Streisand's collection of costumes and memorabilia from her career. And for boat buffs, a New York City auction includes the biggest lot of *Titanic* remnants ever assembled, plus relics from other sunken ships like the *Lusitania* and the *Andrea Doria*. —**By Jeremy Caplan**

CHRISTIE'S IMAGES

$2.4 million sold

SOTHEBY'S

$2,500-$3,500 expected price

GUERNSEY'S (2)

$80,000-$100,000 expected price

◀ TITANIC

June 10

A rare **DINNER MENU** from the ship's last meal lists roast duckling and vanilla éclairs. Just three copies remain from the 1912 sinking, this one preserved by a survivor

▲ DORIS DUKE

June 2

Rare Indian gems earned the **CARTIER DIAMOND NECKLACE** once worn by the wealthy Newport socialite a record price tag

◀ KATHARINE HEPBURN

June 10

The star wore this velvet **1928 BABANI WEDDING DRESS** when she got married in her parents' living room. The sale lists 691 lots, including two self-portraits

WONKA'S
GOLDEN TICKET
GREETINGS TO YOU, THE LUCKY FINDER OF THIS
GOLDEN TICKET, FROM MR. WILLY WONKA...
PRESENT THIS TICKET AT THE FACTORY GATES AT TEN O'CLOCK
IN THE MORNING OF THE FIRST DAY OF OCTOBER AND DO NOT
BE LATE. YOU MAY BRING WITH YOU ONE MEMBER OF YOUR
OWN FAMILY—AND ONLY ONE. BUT NO ONE ELSE.

$10,000-$20,000 expected price

◀ U.S.C. SCHOOL OF CINEMA

June 17

Alfred Hitchcock's passport and one of **WILLIE WONKA'S ORIGINAL GOLDEN TICKETS** are among items being offered at a private auction for the school's 75th anniversary

U.S.C.

Peterson's Martha Defense

THE TRIALS OF ...

MARTHA Stewart was back in the legal spotlight last week—at another high-profile trial that has obsessed the media. As Scott Peterson went on trial for the murder of his pregnant wife Laci, the defense scored a surreal but key point by playing a videotape of the TV homemaker. Peterson had said that on the morning the prosecution says he killed Laci, she was watching Stewart talk about meringue. The Modesto, Calif., police department claimed no meringue was mentioned on Stewart's show that morning.

But Peterson attorney Mark Geragos, in his opening statement, played the tape and showed otherwise.

That was just the first of many early embarrassments for the authorities. Geragos has displayed a talent for getting prosecution witnesses to point out inaccuracies in police reports. While prosecutors were trying to show that Laci was too tired to walk the family dog, as Peterson claims she was going to do the last time he saw her, they also inexplicably pointed out that she was able to go to a salon and a spa and buy about $100 worth of groceries that day. "It's a bit confusing what the prosecution is doing at this point," says former San Francisco district attorney Jim Hammer.

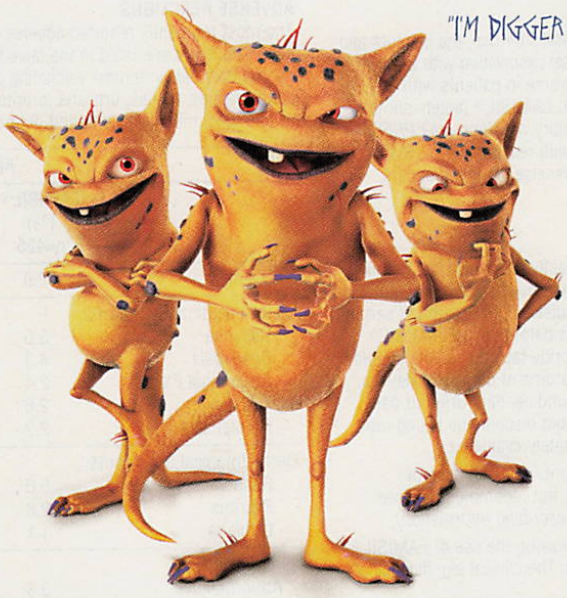
The trial, which is expected to last six months, has attracted plenty of press attention but surprisingly little O.J.-style circus atmosphere. Not only has Judge Alfred Delucchi placed a strict gag order on all participants, but the trial is taking place in Redwood City, Calif.—a town of Silicon Valley commuters with little interest in a murder case from almost 100 miles away. One edition of the local paper last week gave the Peterson trial less play than a story about a stray cat that had tied up traffic on Route 101.

The defense still has challenges ahead, such as explaining why Peterson was caught driving to Mexico with a change of hair color. (He says he was fleeing the media.) But if his legal team continues its hot start, Martha Stewart will be jealous. —**By Chris Taylor**

BART AH YOU—MODESTO BEE/POLARIS

Peterson, left, with attorney Geragos in court last January

They're living deep under your nails.



Ask your doctor how Lamisil® Tablets can help make them leave.

Do you have thick, discolored or flaky nails? A live fungus, or *dermatophytes*, may have gotten under them. And these guys are having too much fun — eating, growing, causing an active infection that won't go away on its own. Your doctor can help. Ask about Lamisil Tablets, the #1 prescribed treatment that's proven effective at sending nail fungus packing.

Unlike clippers or surface treatments you try on your own, Lamisil Tablets work through the bloodstream to target and attack the infection at its source, deep under the nail.

It takes about 10 to 12 months for new nails to grow in. But you may start to see clearer, healthier nails in just 3 months. Results may vary.

Lamisil Tablets aren't for people with liver or kidney problems. Rarely, serious side effects in the liver or serious skin reactions have occurred, so your doctor may do a simple blood test to check for liver problems. Other side effects including headache, diarrhea, indigestion and rash were generally mild.

Call 1-866-228-5365
or visit lamisil.com
to get $10 off your prescription.

LAMISIL®
(terbinafine HCl tablets) 250mg **TABLETS**

Get your nail infection where it grows.

© 2004 Novartis C-LMT-1254 Please see patient information on adjacent page.

LAMISIL®

(terbinafine hydrochloride tablets)
Tablets

Rx only

BRIEF SUMMARY: Please see package insert for full prescribing information.

INDICATIONS AND USAGE
LAMISIL® (terbinafine hydrochloride tablets) Tablets are indicated for the treatment of onychomycosis of the toenail or fingernail due to dermatophytes (tinea unguium) *(see DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION* and *CLINICAL STUDIES in the full prescribing information).*

Prior to initiating treatment, appropriate nail specimens for laboratory testing (KOH preparation, fungal culture, or nail biopsy) should be obtained to confirm the diagnosis of onychomycosis.

CONTRAINDICATIONS
LAMISIL® (terbinafine hydrochloride tablets) Tablets are contraindicated in individuals with hypersensitivity to terbinafine or to any other ingredients of the formulation.

WARNINGS
Rare cases of liver failure, some leading to death or liver transplant, have occurred with the use of LAMISIL® Tablets for the treatment of onychomycosis in individuals with and without pre-existing liver disease.

In the majority of liver cases reported in association with LAMISIL® use, the patients had serious underlying systemic conditions and an uncertain causal association with LAMISIL®. The severity of heptic events and/or their outcome may be worse in patients with active or chronic liver disease *(see PRECAUTIONS).* Treatment with LAMISIL® Tablets should be discontinued if biochemical or clinical evidence of liver injury develops *(see PRECAUTIONS below).* There have been isolated reports of serious skin reactions (e.g., Stevens-Johnson Syndrome and toxic epidermal necrolysis). If progressive skin rash occurs, treatment with LAMISIL® should be discontinued.

PRECAUTIONS
General
LAMISIL® is not recommended for patients with chronic or active liver disease. Before prescribing LAMISIL® Tablets, pre-existing liver disease should be assessed. Hepatotoxicity may occur in patients with and without pre-existing liver disease. Pretreatment serum transaminase (ALT and AST) tests are advised for all patients before taking LAMISIL® Tablets. Patients prescribed LAMISIL® (terbinafine hydrochloride tablets) Tablets should be warned to report immediately to their physician any symptoms of persistent nausea, anorexia, fatigue, vomiting, right upper abdominal pain or jaundice, dark urine or pale stools *(see WARNINGS).* Patients with these symptoms should discontinue taking oral terbinafine, and the patient's liver function should be immediately evaluated.

In patients with renal impairment (creatinine clearance ≤ 50 mL/ min), the use of LAMISIL® has not been adequately studied, and therefore, is not recommended *(see CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY, Pharmacokinetics in the full prescribing information).*

Changes in the ocular lens and retina have been reported following the use of LAMISIL® (terbinafine hydrochloride tablets) Tablets in controlled trials. The clinical significance of these changes is unknown.

Transient decreases in absolute lymphocyte counts (ALC) have been observed in controlled clinical trials. In placebo-controlled trials, 8/465 LAMISIL®-treated patients (1.7%) and 3/137 placebo-treated patients (2.2%) had decreases in ALC to below 1000/mm^3 on two or more occasions. The clinical significance of this observation is unknown. However, in patients with known or suspected immunodeficiency, physicians should consider monitoring complete blood counts in individuals using LAMISIL® therapy for greater than six weeks.

Isolated cases of severe neutropenia have been reported. These were reversible upon discontinuation of LAMISIL®, with or without supportive therapy. If clinical signs and symptoms suggestive of secondary infection occur, a complete blood count should be obtained. If the neutrophil count is ≤ 1,000 cells/mm^3, LAMISIL® should be discontinued and supportive management started.

Drug Interactions
In vitro studies with human liver microsomes showed that terbinafine does not inhibit the metabolism of tolbutamide, ethinylestradiol, ethoxycoumarin, and cyclosporine. *In vitro* studies have also shown that terbinafine inhibits CYP2D6-mediated metabolism. This may be of clinical relevance for compounds predominantly metabolized by this enzyme, such as tricyclic antidepressants, ß-blockers, selective serotonin reuptake inhibitors (SSRIs), and monoamine oxidase inhibitors (MAO-Is) Type B, if they have a narrow therapeutic window.

In vivo drug-drug interaction studies conducted in normal volunteer subjects showed that terbinafine does not affect the clearance of antipyrine or digoxin. Terbinafine decreases the clearance of caffeine by 19%. Terbinafine increases the clearance of cyclosporine by 15%.

There have been spontaneous reports of increase or decrease in prothrombin times in patients concomitantly taking oral terbinafine and warfarin, however, a causal relationship between LAMISIL® Tablets and these changes has not been established.

Terbinafine clearance is increased 100% by rifampin, a CyP450 enzyme inducer, and decreased 33% by cimetidine, a CyP450 enzyme inhibitor. Terbinafine clearance is unaffected by cyclosporine.

There is no information available from adequate drug-drug interaction studies with the following classes of drugs: oral contraceptives, hormone replacement therapies, hypoglycemics, theophyllines, phenytoins, thiazide diuretics, beta blockers, and calcium channel blockers.

Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility
In a 28-month oral carcinogenicity study in rats, an increase in the incidence of liver tumors was observed in males at the highest dose tested, 69 mg/kg/day [2x the Maximum Recommended Human Dose (MRHD) based on AUC comparisons of the parent terbinafine]; however, even though dose-limiting toxicity was not achieved at the highest tested dose, higher doses were not tested.

The results of a variety of *in vitro* (mutations in *E. coli* and *S. typhimurium*, DNA repair in rat hepatocytes, mutagenicity in Chinese hamster fibroblasts, chromosome aberration and sister chromatid exchanges in Chinese hamster lung cells), and *in vivo* (chromosome aberration in Chinese hamsters, micronucleus test in mice) genotoxicity tests gave no evidence of a mutagenic or clastogenic potential. Oral reproduction studies in rats at doses up to 300 mg/kg/day (approximately 12x the MRHD based on body surface area comparisons, BSA) did not reveal any specific effects on fertility or other reproductive parameters. Intravaginal application of terbinafine hydrochloride at 150 mg/day in pregnant rabbits did not increase the incidence of abortions or premature deliveries nor affect fetal parameters.

Pregnancy
Pregnancy Category B: Oral reproduction studies have been performed in rabbits and rats at doses up to 300 mg/kg/day (12x to 23x the MRHD, in rabbits and rats, respectively, based on BSA) and have revealed no evidence of impaired fertility or harm to the fetus due to terbinafine. There are, however, no adequate and well-controlled studies in pregnant women. Because animal reproduction studies are not always predictive of human response, and because treatment of onychomycosis can be postponed until after pregnancy is completed, it is recommended that LAMISIL® not be initiated during pregnancy.

Nursing Mothers
After oral administration, terbinafine is present in breast milk of nursing mothers. The ratio of terbinafine in milk to plasma is 7:1. Treatment with LAMISIL® is not recommended in nursing mothers.

Pediatric Use
The safety and efficacy of LAMISIL® have not been established in pediatric patients.

ADVERSE REACTIONS
The most frequently reported adverse events observed in the three US/Canadian placebo-controlled trials are listed in the table below. The adverse events reported encompass gastrointestinal symptoms (including diarrhea, dyspepsia, and abdominal pain), liver test abnormalities, rashes, urticaria, pruritus, and taste disturbances. In general, the adverse events were mild, transient, and did not lead to discontinuation from study participation.

	Adverse Event		Discontinuation	
	LAMISIL® (%) n=465	Placebo (%) n=137	LAMISIL® (%) n=465	Placebo (%) n=137
Headache	12.9	9.5	0.2	0.0
Gastrointestinal Symptoms:				
Diarrhea	5.6	2.9	0.6	0.0
Dyspepsia	4.3	2.9	0.4	0.0
Abdominal Pain	2.4	1.5	0.4	0.0
Nausea	2.6	2.9	0.2	0.0
Flatulence	2.2	2.2	0.0	0.0
Dermatological Symptoms:				
Rash	5.6	2.2	0.9	0.7
Pruritus	2.8	1.5	0.2	0.0
Urticaria	1.1	0.0	0.0	0.0
Liver Enzyme Abnormalities*	3.3	1.4	0.2	0.0
Taste Disturbance	2.8	0.7	0.2	0.0
Visual Disturbance	1.1	1.5	0.9	0.0

* Liver enzyme abnormalities ≥ 2x the upper limit of the normal range.

Rare adverse events, based on worldwide experience with LAMISIL® (terbinafine hydrochloride tablets) Tablets use, include: idiosyncratic and symptomatic hepatic injury and more rarely, cases of liver failure, some leading to death or liver transplant, *(see WARNINGS and PRECAUTIONS)*, serious skin reactions *(see WARNINGS)*, severe neutropenia *(see PRECAUTIONS)*, thrombocytopenia and allergic reactions (including anaphylaxis). Uncommonly, LAMISIL® may cause taste disturbance (including taste loss) which usually recovers within several weeks after discontinuation of the drug. There have been isolated reports of prolonged (greater than one year) taste disturbance. Rarely, taste disturbances associated with oral terbinafine have been reported to be severe enough to result in decreased food intake leading to significant and unwanted weight loss.

Other adverse reactions which have been reported include malaise, fatigue, vomiting, arthralgia, myalgia, and hair loss.

Clinical adverse effects reported spontaneously since the drug was marketed include altered prothrombin time (prolongation and reduction) in patients concomitantly treated with warfarin and LAMISIL® (terbinafine hydrochloride tablets) Tablets and agranulocytosis (rare).

Store tablets below 25°C (77°F); in a tight container. Protect from light.

ANIMAL TOXICOLOGY
A wide range of *in vivo* studies in mice, rats, dogs, and monkeys, and *in vitro* studies using rat, monkey, and human hepatocytes suggest that peroxisome proliferation in the liver is a rat-specific finding. However, other effects, including increased liver weights and APTT, occurred in dogs and monkeys at doses giving Css trough levels of the parent terbinafine 2-3x those seen in humans at the MRHD. Higher doses were not tested.

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NAMED. GHAZI AL-YAWAR, 45, U.S.-educated Sunni tribal leader and former exile; as the new president—a largely ceremonial job—of the interim Iraqi government that will take over on June 30; in Baghdad.

MARRIED. Jennifer Lopez and Marc Anthony, in a surprise ceremony in Beverly Hills, Calif., according to *People* magazine. The nuptials are the actress-singer's third and the hunk-singer's second. His divorce had become final only six days before.

MARTY CAPUNE

▲ **DIED. LARRY CAPUNE,** 61, long-distance paddleboarder who logged 16,063 miles along America's coastlines during eight epic solo trips from 1964 to 1987; of cancer; in Newport Beach, Calif. The Hollywood-born lifeguard's longest journey was a 4,255-mile trek from Portland, Maine, to Corpus Christi, Texas. Over the years, he was bitten by a sea turtle, a bluefish and a dog; hit by a tanker once and by freighters twice; and smacked in the head by a Coke bottle thrown by a pier owner who said Capune was scaring the fish.

RETNA

DIED. FRANCES SHAND KYDD, 68, who had an often turbulent relationship with her daughter Princess Diana; after a long illness; on Seil Island, Scotland. Herself the daughter of a baron and the Queen's lady-in-waiting, she had three girls and a boy during a 15-year marriage to Edward John Spencer. When the couple divorced in 1969, the future princess, then 8, stayed with her father, and later described her childhood as "very unhappy and unstable."

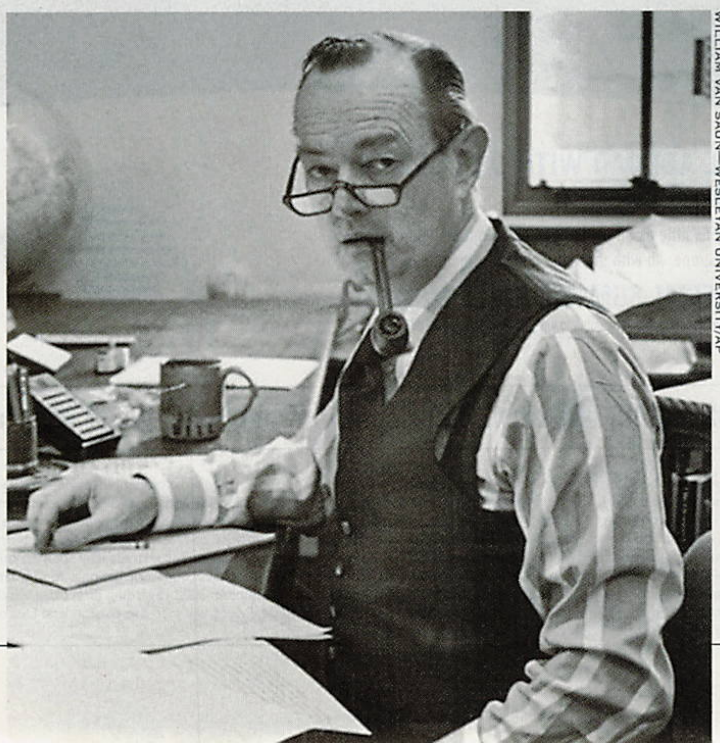
DIED. NICOLAI GHIAUROV, 74, Bulgarian bass whose warm, rich voice and striking stage presence carried him through almost a half-century of opera stardom; of heart failure; in Modena, Italy. He debuted at New York City's Metropolitan Opera in 1965 as Mephistopheles in Gounod's *Faust* and went on to such signature roles as King Philip in Verdi's *Don Carlo* and the title role in Moussorgsky's *Boris Godounov.*

▼ **DIED. WILLIAM MANCHESTER,** 82, scrupulous author of thrilling narratives on military and political power, best known for *The Death of a President,* his 1967 book on the assassination of John F. Kennedy; in Middletown, Conn. Jacqueline Kennedy tried to suppress the book's publication because of the inclusion of some intimate family details but relented when Manchester removed some passages. His works also included acclaimed biographies of General Douglas MacArthur and a projected three volumes on Winston Churchill, only two of which he managed to complete before his death.

CORBIS BETTMANN

DIED. ARCHIBALD COX, 92, special prosecutor whose insistence that Richard Nixon hand over tapes of Oval Office conversations for the Watergate investigation got him fired in the Saturday Night Massacre in 1973; in Brooksville, Maine. A Harvard professor and former adviser to President Kennedy, he lasted five months as chief of the investigation, which eventually led to Nixon's resignation.

DIED. ALBERTA MARTIN, 97, the last living widow of a Confederate soldier; in Enterprise, Ala. In 1927 she married William Jasper Martin, then 81, a widower with a $50 monthly pension and a hot temper. After he died in 1931, she married his grandson.


WILLIAM VAN SAUN—WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY/AP

NUMBERS

GETTY

171 Number of positions in the Department of Homeland Security that are unfilled out of 500 career jobs there

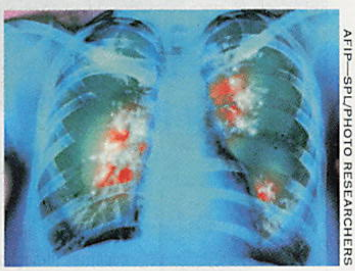
90% Portion of port-security positions at the department that are vacant

51 Number of confirmed cases last year of illicit trafficking in the radiological materials usable in dirty bombs, according to the U.N.

8 Number of cases in 1996

92% Portion of parents polled who said their children always wore a seat belt when riding in a car

70% Portion of fourth- and fifth-graders who said they always wore a seat belt


AFIP—SPL/PHOTO RESEARCHERS

2% Decrease in cases of lung cancer in women each year from 1998 to 2001, after years of steady increases

10 million Number of cancer survivors in the U.S.

3 million Number of cancer survivors in 1971

Sources: *Congressional Quarterly* (2); *New Scientist* (2); *Injury Control and Safety Promotion* (2); AP; *USA Today* (2)

By Melissa August, Elizabeth L. Bland, Carolina A. Miranda and Jyoti Thottam

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ARRIVE SAFELY

Joe Klein

The Secrets of Reagan's Success

I INTERVIEWED RONALD REAGAN ONCE, ON AN AIRPLANE, DURING the 1980 presidential campaign. I imagined myself an aggressive young reporter in those days, and I had prepared a series of incendiary questions that I have long since forgotten. Reagan was wearing a brown suit; his red foulard was tied in a Windsor knot. His hair swooped dramatically; his cheeks were an odd wax-museum rouge. We shook hands and came out fighting. At least I did. He cocked his head, smiled and flicked me off his sleeve. An entirely unnerving experience, but not untypical. Reagan's sunny opacity was legendary, especially when it came to relations with the press. His discipline was legendary too. On the trail that year, the press corps would sometimes leave the room when Reagan began to speak and play liar's poker in the hall, a designated notetaker remaining behind in the unlikely event that the man actually said something new.

With Reagan, it was always so rote and mechanical that it was easy to miss the big picture. It was easy to be infuriated by media whiz Michael Deaver's brilliantly insidious manipulation of the media, and lose the simple power of Reagan's message. Deaver, famously, didn't care what the network reporters said about the President as long as Reagan was pictured in upbeat, patriotic settings, preferably surrounded by American flags. The pictures, he knew, were far more powerful than the words. The gauzy, Morning in America myth-making apparatus was going full tilt from the moment Reagan entered the White House.

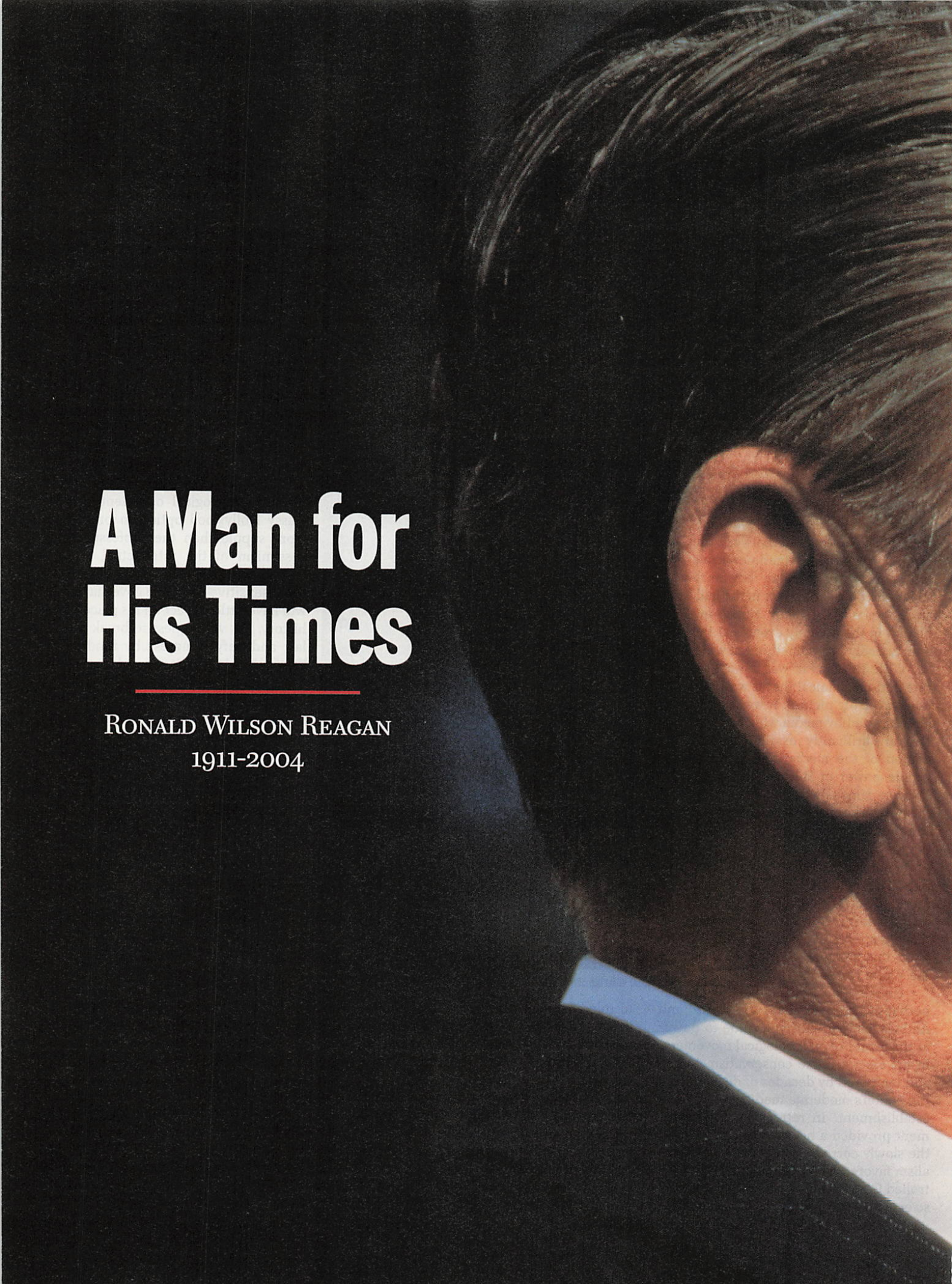
TASS

Mikhail Gorbachev and Reagan in Red Square in 1988

Unlike other Presidents—except, perhaps, for Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Jackson—Reagan came to power as the leader of an ideological movement: in his case, a fierce conservatism forged and tempered by decades of disdain from the nation's moderate media and political establishment. In retrospect, the movement provided a necessary corrective for the slowly corroding industrial-age liberalism favored by the Democrats who controlled Congress. Reagan's followers were so eager for success that they were willing to tolerate some flagrant inconsistencies in his governance. His big 1981 tax cut was followed by two years of large, if undramatized, tax increases. He didn't shrink the size of the government (Bill Clinton was the only recent President to do that). Reagan was a champion of the religious right, but rarely attended church and never paid much more than lip service to the right-to-life movement. He was a critic of government waste, but routinely lavished more money on the military than the Pentagon asked for—and he stubbornly insisted on funding an utterly preposterous missile-defense program that his detractors, and eventually his supporters, called Star Wars.

As it happened—as Hollywood would have seen fit to script it—the only people aside from Reagan who really believed in Star Wars were the military leadership of the Soviet Union. The Zap! Pow! Bam! comic-book defense strategy reinforced Moscow's growing despair about the future and hastened the end of the cold war. And that, finally, is what has proved most galling to the Gipper's ideological opponents: his glossy Hollywood optimism proved more supple than the professional pessimism of the intellectual left. Ultimately, Reagan's sloppy and often insensitive domestic governance will have little impact on his place in history. His willingness to break the law and defy Congress by funding the *contras* in Nicaragua and surreptitiously attempting to trade arms for hostages with Iran—these will be footnotes as well. Reagan will mostly be remembered for his unyielding opposition to the Soviet Union, for his willingness to call a regime that murdered at least 40 million of its citizens "evil."

In fact, I didn't understand how truly monumental, and morally important, Reagan's anticommunist vision was until I visited the Soviet Union in 1987. My first night there, I was escorted to the Bolshoi Ballet by two minders from the U.S.-Canada Institute. The Russians were thrilled that I had figured out the Cyrillic alphabet and was able to read the program. The young woman on my left rewarded me with a smile—a rare public act in that terrifying regime—and a whispered encouragement: reform was coming. *Glasnost* and *perestroika,* she assured me, were real. The minder on my left, a chunky young man, then nudged me with his elbow. "Ronald Reagan. Evil empire," he whispered with dramatic intensity, and shot a glance down to his lap where he had hidden two enthusiastic thumbs up. "Yes!" ■

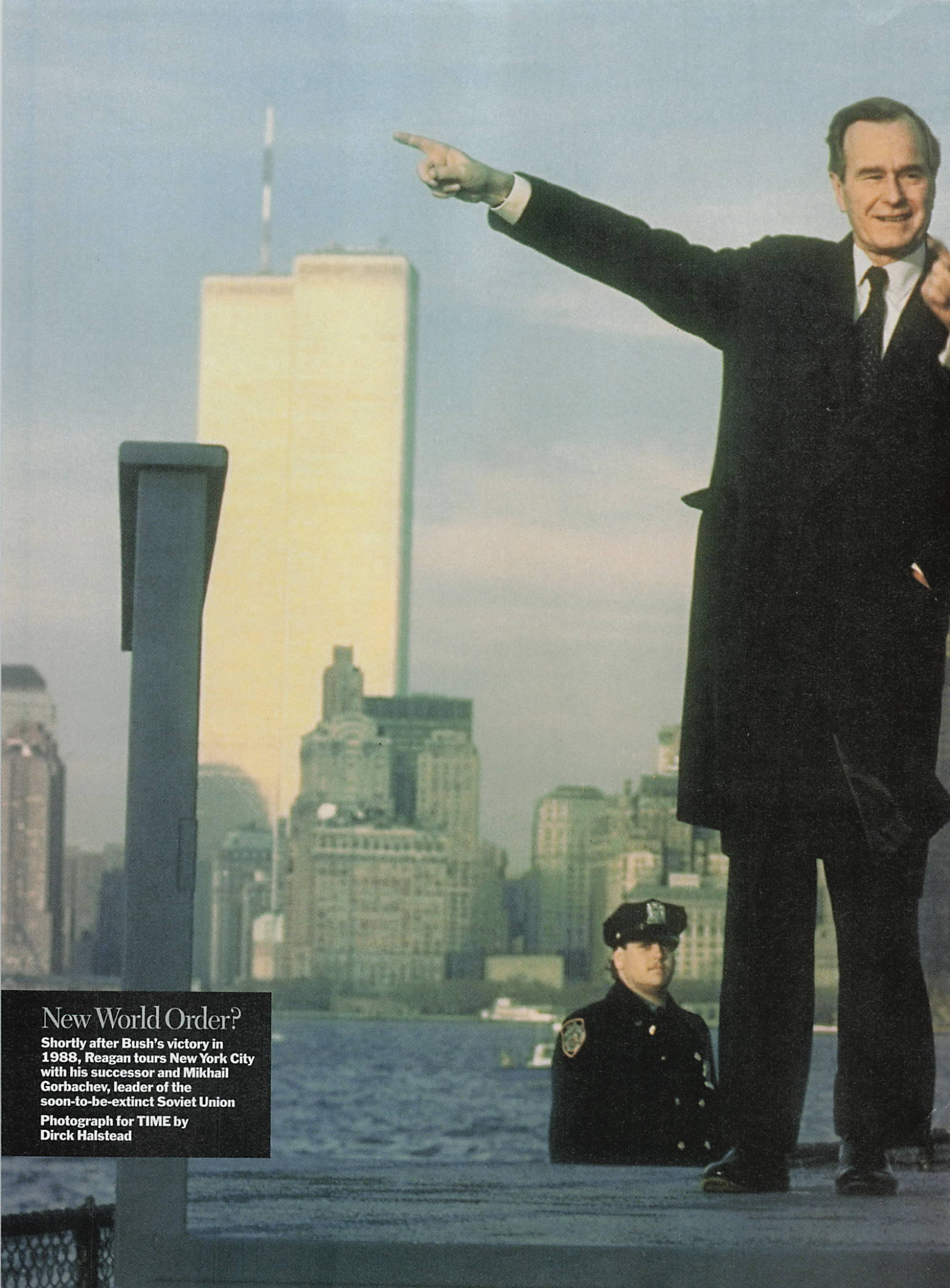


A Man for His Times

RONALD WILSON REAGAN
1911-2004

The President sporting a kiss from an admirer in December 1982

Photograph for TIME by David Hume Kennerly—Getty Images



New World Order?

Shortly after Bush's victory in 1988, Reagan tours New York City with his successor and Mikhail Gorbachev, leader of the soon-to-be-extinct Soviet Union

Photograph for TIME by Dirck Halstead

We Are Amused

The President chortling at a quip by the visiting Elizabeth II, who has just remarked on how the British have brought their soggy weather over to sunny California

Photograph for TIME by Diana Walker

TRULUV

Sweethearts

Ronald and Nancy Reagan at Rancho del Cielo, the Western White House, in 1983. They starred in only one movie together, but their partnership made history

Photograph from the Ronald Reagan Library

Into the Sunset

In August 1989, almost a year after leaving the White House, Reagan goes through documents at his ranch in Santa Barbara, Calif.

Photograph by Michael Evans—Zuma Press

The All-American President

By Nancy Gibbs

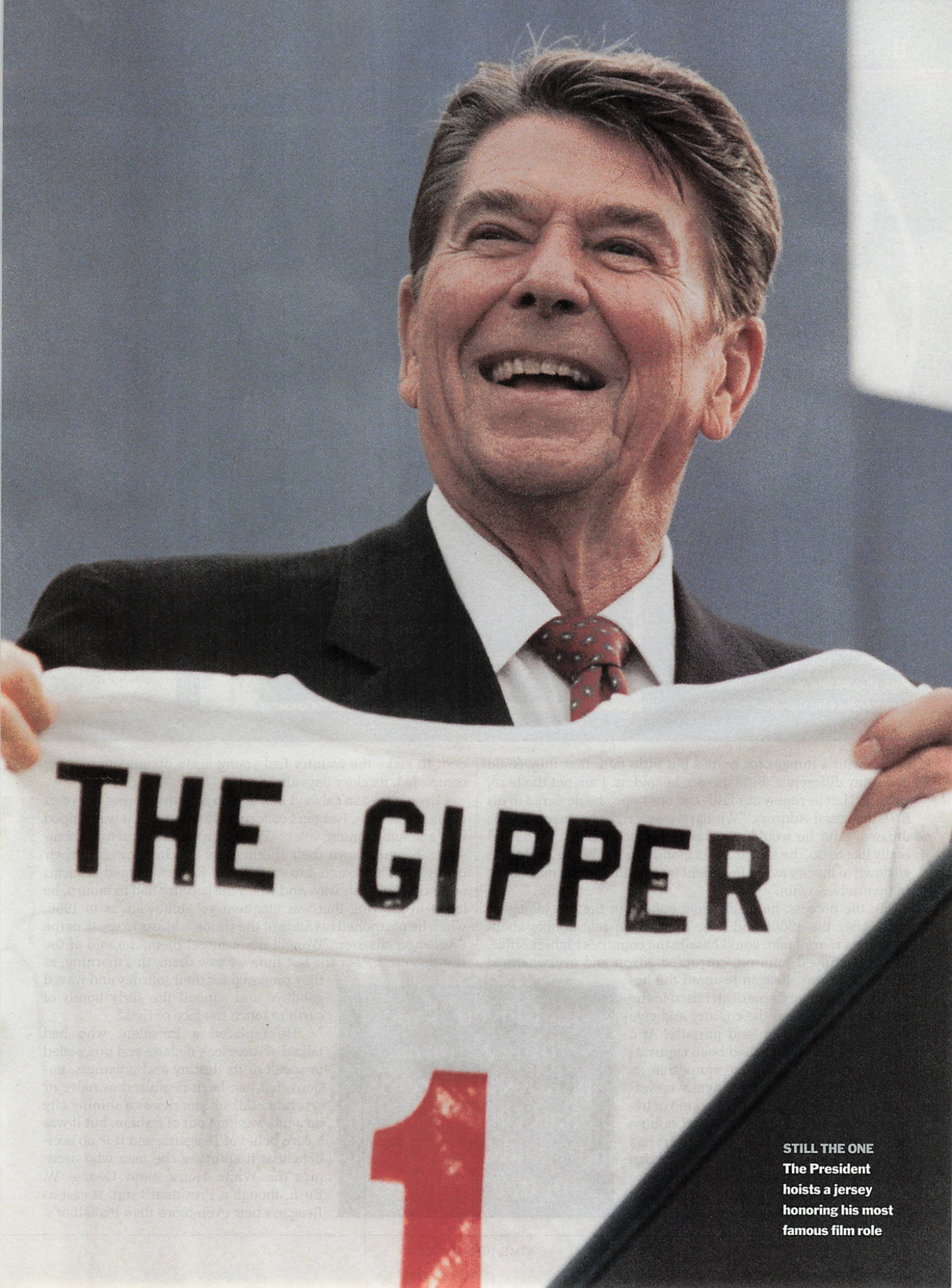
"If he were not the greatest President, he was the best Actor of the Presidency we have ever had."

—John Adams, on George Washington

AMERICA'S PRESIDENTS TEND TO DIE YOUNG. MAYbe it is in the nature of the men who reach such heights, or of the job once they attain it. But only John Adams and Herbert Hoover lived past 90; Ronald Reagan was the third, and perhaps the only one to achieve the goal of dying young as late as possible. When he passed away last week at age 93, he had long been gone from the public stage; but that meant that people remembered him as he had always been, a man of easy grace and endless hope, whose hair would never turn gray; a man who, the first time he walked into the Oval Office as President on the day of his first Inaugural, got goose bumps and wasn't ashamed to say so.

Hope is an infectious disease, and Reagan was a carrier. The country he courted and finally won over in 1980 was a dispirited place, humiliated abroad, uncertain at

THE WHITE HOUSE



STILL THE ONE
The President hoists a jersey honoring his most famous film role

MIDWESTERN STORY **Reagan was born on Feb. 6, 1911, in Tampico, Ill. His father Jack was a shoe salesman and an alcoholic**

FAMILY PORTRAIT **An early photo, right, shows, from left, father Jack, brother Neil, Ronald and mother Nelle—a seamstress who developed Alzheimer's**

SECOND FROM LEFT: EVERETT COLLECTION

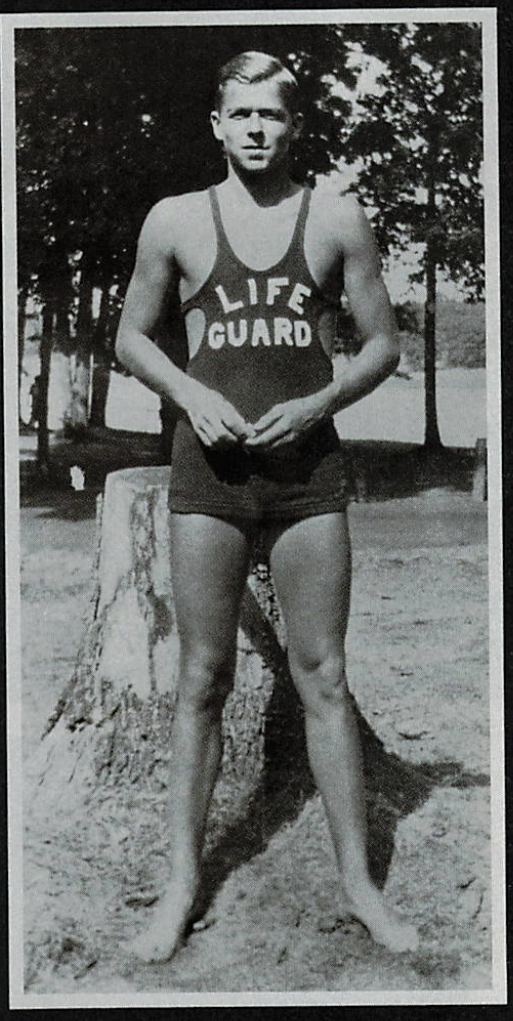
home, with a hunger for heroes but little faith that they could make any difference. But you can, he told us. I am not the hero, you are. "Let us renew our faith and our hope," he declared in his first Inaugural Address. "We have every right to dream heroic dreams." And he would serve as Dreamer in Chief. "What I'd really like to do," he said after six months in the White House, "is go down in history as the President who made Americans believe in themselves again."

In the process, he made them believe in the presidency as well. After the 1960s and '70s, there were real doubts about whether a mortal man could handle the country's highest office. It had destroyed Johnson, corrupted Nixon and overwhelmed Ford and Carter. Reagan restored the belief that an ordinary American raised in the heartland could lead the country and give it a sense of direction and purpose. At a time when the country had been captivated by youth culture for more than a decade, voters chose a President who was nearly 70 when he took office, a kind of living time capsule of the American Century, born before the phrase world war had been introduced, a child when the Russian Revolution gave birth to the empire whose defeat he would accomplish as President. Somehow it took America's oldest President to make the country feel young again, its mission not yet completed, its glory days ahead.

> "I loved three things: drama, politics and sports, and I'm not sure they always come in that order."

Even if it wasn't always morning in America during the years of his presidency, Reagan's eagerness to insist that it was tapped into a longing among voters. They didn't want to picture themselves turning down their thermostats and buttoning up their cardigans. They wanted to strut again. Reagan opened his arms and said, Walk this way. And when the country had to mourn, he led it in grieving that was eloquent yet unbowed, as in 1986, when he postponed his State of the Union address to speak of the *Challenger* disaster. "We will never forget them," he said of the shuttle's crew, "nor the last time we saw them, this morning, as they prepared for their journey and waved goodbye and slipped the surly bonds of earth to touch the face of God."

He replaced a President who had talked of America's malaise and proceeded to speak of its destiny and greatness, notions that had been dismissed as naive or arrogant. Talk of America as a shining city on a hill was long out of fashion, but it was a core belief of Reagan's, and it is no accident that it animates the man who occupies the White House now. George W. Bush, though a President's son, is cast as Reagan's heir even more than his father's.



YOUNG DREAMER The future President, left, at approximately 13 years old, had this tag line under his high school yearbook photo: "Life is just one grand sweet song, so start the music"

TEAM PLAYER Reagan, above, second from left with his school football team, had a deep affection for the game. "It's a kind of clean hatred," he once said

HELPING HAND The young athlete, displaying the physique that got him noticed by Hollywood, loved sports and heroism. As a lifeguard, he satisfied his appetite for both

CORBIS; AP; BETTMANN CORBIS

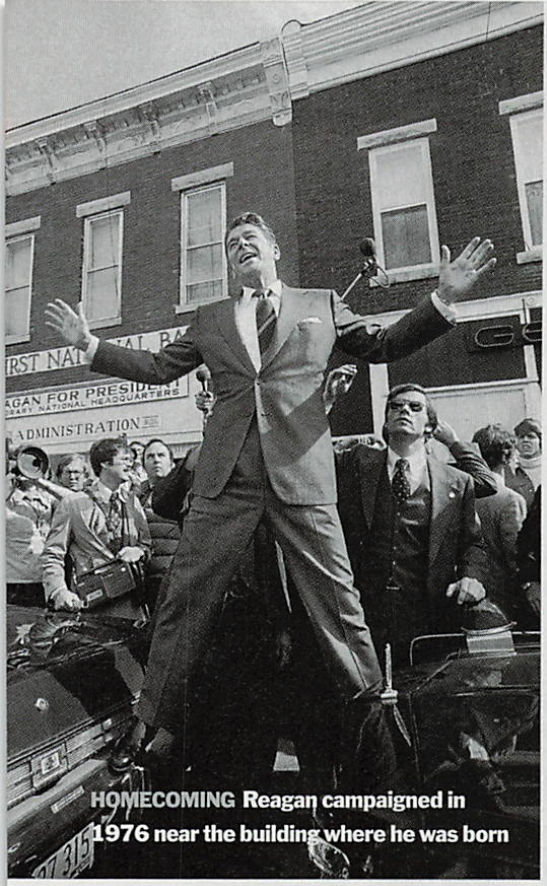
Long after Reagan had retreated from the public eye behind the veil of Alzheimer's disease, his influence over the politicians of our time, from both major parties, only grew. "The question really arose whether the presidency was a viable institution," says Fred Greenstein, a presidential scholar at Princeton. "With Reagan, that changed. He reminded us what a confident and sure President looked like."

For a man with the power to pull history around a corner; to end a long, cold, fearsome war; to change the conversation of our politics and culture as much by the sheer force of his personality as by the power of his ideas, Ronald Reagan was an unaccountably modest and good-natured soul. He seemed untouched by the arrogance and self-regard common to actors and politicians, to the point that when a brash reporter asked him on the eve of his election what he thought the American people saw in him, Reagan said, "Would you laugh if I told you that I think, maybe, they see themselves, and that I'm one of them?"

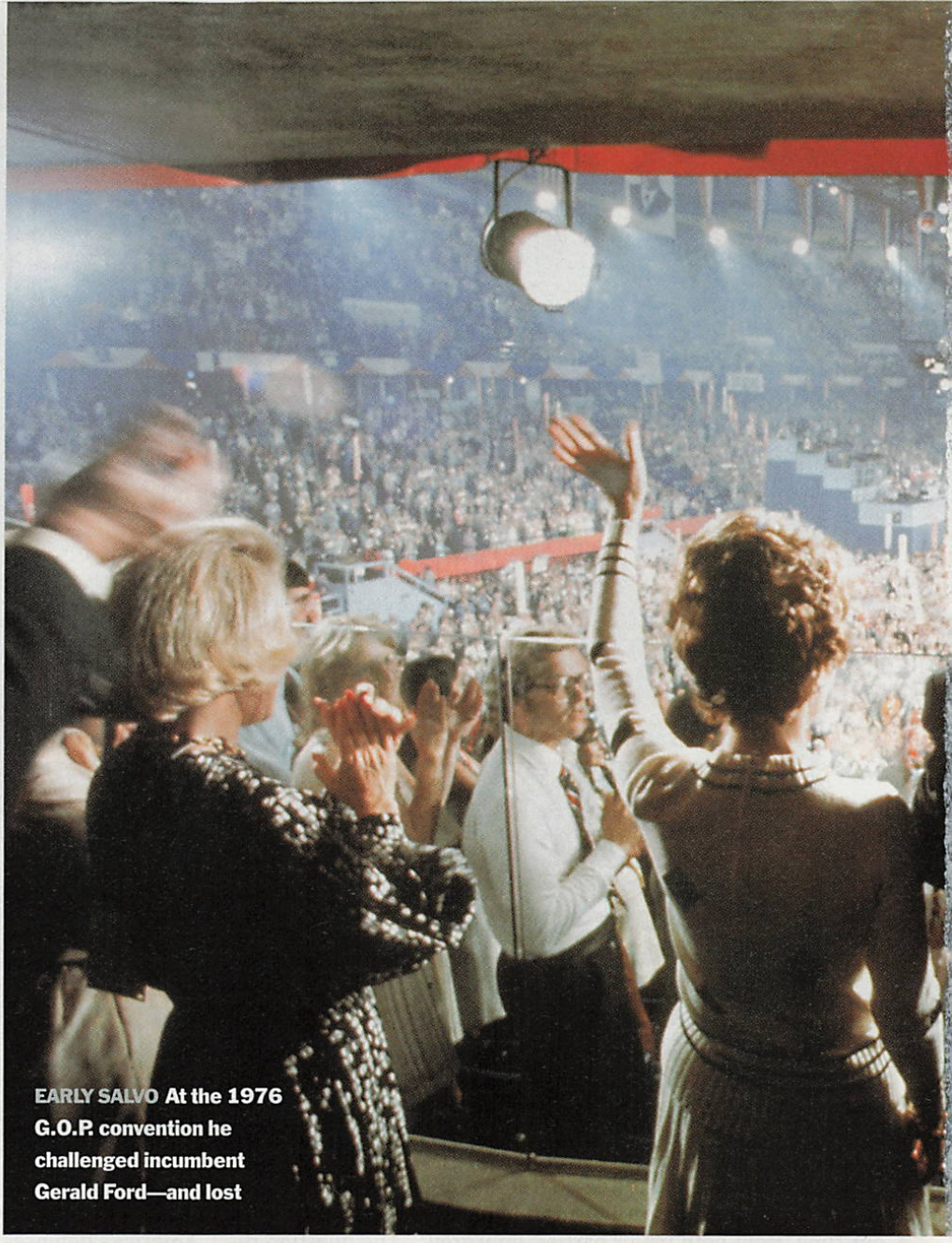
He wasn't, of course. This was the actor's gift, to be both larger than life and disarming at the same time. He was, in fact, never so simple as he seemed. A fervent tax cutter, he raised taxes significantly four times as economic conditions and reform demanded. The man who said government was not the solution, it was the problem, actually presided over its continued expansion. Far from abolishing the departments of Energy and Education, he added a new Cabinet-level department, for Veterans Affairs. The archconservative who was skeptical of Social Security ultimately was credited with saving it. He came into office looking not to survive the cold war but to win it, building up America's defenses to confront the "evil empire" but then backing off enough to give Mikhail Gorbachev room to change course. Reagan may have been the champion of missile defense, but he also declared as his dream the complete abolition of nuclear weapons, a position that made even the moderates around him flinch.

He was, in other words, that most uncommon politician, a man of clear conviction who was capable of compromise where necessary and growth where possible, whose ideas were both deeply held and able to evolve as circumstances changed or expediency required. Likewise, the man himself was not so simple, not to mention simpleminded, as his critics held—the "kindly fanatic" in Garry Wills' phrase. He confounded his biographer Edmund Morris, remained opaque even to friends of many years. The notion that he was a second-rate actor who did well with a script continues to be dispelled with the release of his radio addresses and more recently, his personal letters, which show a far more subtle mind and sophisticated outlook than the caricature ever suggested. But then, Reagan had a gift for being underestimated, which served him well in all the lives he led.

"I LOVED THREE THINGS: DRAMA, POLITICS AND SPORTS, AND I'M not sure they always come in that order," Reagan once said. His picture in the high school yearbook bore the caption "Life is just



HOMECOMING Reagan campaigned in 1976 near the building where he was born



EARLY SALVO At the 1976 G.O.P. convention he challenged incumbent Gerald Ford—and lost

> "Nature was trying to tell me something, namely that my heart is a ham loaf."

one grand sweet song, so start the music." He was born on Feb. 6, 1911, in Tampico, Ill., in that Midwestern heartland that is thought to be the seedbed of national heroes. But nothing about his origins augured any remarkable success. His father Jack, who had never reached high school, was a shoe salesman and an alcoholic. The family moved often; money was short. Reagan was 11 when he came home one day and found his father lying dead drunk on the porch. "I wanted to ... pretend he wasn't there," Reagan recalled. "I bent over him, smelling the sharp odor of whiskey ... I got a fistful of his overcoat [and] managed to drag him inside and get him to bed."

Sports gave Reagan a chance to get an education. He won a scholarship that paid half his $180 annual tuition at tiny Eureka College; he washed dishes to pay for his meals. Reagan had hardly arrived when the college's new president tried to cut back the faculty, so Reagan helped organize a student strike. In the process he developed his taste for audiences and his talent for oratory. "I discovered that night that an audience had a feel to it," he said of this first speech, "[and] that audience and I were together. When I came to actually presenting the motion ... there was no need for parliamentary procedure. They came to their feet with a roar ... It was heady wine."

Reagan also discovered that he was an actor. Taken to see a touring antiwar play, *Journey's End*, he identified strongly with the hero, even began to feel that he *was* the hero. "Nature was trying to tell me something," he recalled later, "namely that my heart is a ham loaf." He spent much of his time thereafter in student theatricals as well as football and swimming, with only the minimum study necessary to major in economics. Dutch Reagan (his father had bestowed the nickname at birth) emerged into the Depression-stricken America of 1932 and found there were very few jobs for actors and fewer still for football players. He borrowed the family Oldsmobile and wandered through nearby towns, looking for work at local radio stations. A station manager in Davenport, Iowa, asked him to narrate an imaginary football contest, and Reagan poured into the fakery all the enthusiasm of desperation. He was hired for $5 a game.

By 1937 he had gone no farther than Des Moines, which is a long way from Hollywood, but he persuaded radio station WHO to send him to California to cover the spring training of the Chicago Cubs. A Des Moines friend who was working as a singer sent him to see her agent, who called the casting director at Warner Bros. and said, "I have another Robert Taylor sitting in my office." Warner gave him a screen test, then signed him for $200 a week.

BETTMANN CORBIS; MICHAEL EVANS—ZUMA PRESS

MICHAEL EVANS—ZUMA PRESS

ON THE TRAIL A quiet moment with Nancy on the campaign plane during his 1980 run

> "Let us renew our faith and our hope. We have every right to dream heroic dreams."

Reagan's early films, as many as nine a year, were forgettable. But there was one part that he yearned to play. He wanted somebody to film the life of Notre Dame's great football coach Knute Rockne so that he could play Rockne's star halfback, George Gipp. Reagan proselytized so fervently that someone filched the idea. Warner announced it would make the Rockne story, but the announcement made no mention of Reagan. He went to see the producer, asked for the part of Gipp and was told he was too small.

"But I played football for eight years," Reagan protested. "Gipp weighed five pounds less than I weigh right now." The producer was still dubious. The problem, Reagan saw, was that he was wearing a business suit, and the producer envisioned a behemoth in helmet and shoulder pads. Reagan raced home, gathered up some pictures of himself in uniform, raced back to the studio and won the part. It made him famous, and years after he performed Gipp's death scene, he would still get "a lump in my throat ... just thinking about it."

The same year he played Gipp, he married actress Jane Wyman. Warner assigned him to *Kings Row*. Playing a small-town lothario named Drake McHugh, he seduces the daughter of the town surgeon, who takes revenge by amputating both of the youth's legs. The horrible moment of self-discovery made a deep impression on Reagan. The day the scene was shot he clambered onto the sickbed, which had a hole cut in the mattress to hide his legs. "I spent almost that whole hour in stiff confinement," Reagan said. "Gradually the affair began to terrify me. In some weird way, I felt something horrible had happened to my body." When shooting began, Reagan recalled, "I opened my eyes dazedly, looked around, slowly let my gaze travel downward ... I can't describe even now my feeling as I tried to reach for where my legs should be. 'Randy!' I screamed. Ann Sheridan—bless her—playing Randy, burst through the door." Then Reagan cried out the question that he was later to make the title of his first autobiography: "Where's the rest of me?"

Kings Row made Reagan a star. But it was 1942, and Pearl Harbor had brought the U.S. to its inevitable involvement in World War II. Reagan could see very little without eyeglasses, but he had bluffed his way into the cavalry reserve back in Des Moines because it gave him a chance to go riding. Called up by the Army, he was examined by a doctor who concluded, "If we sent you overseas you'd shoot a general." Another added, "Yes, and you'd miss him." Barred from combat, Reagan spent the war years making training films at "Fort Roach," the old Hal Roach Studios, just six miles from Hollywood.

What occupied Reagan in the postwar years was Hollywood

MICHAEL EVANS—ZUMA PRESS

The First Family

On the initial day of Reagan's presidency, Jan. 20, 1981, he and Nancy gathered at the White House with children and extended family

union politics. "I was a near hopeless hemophilic liberal," Reagan said later. "I bled for causes. I had voted Democratic, following my father, in every election. I had followed F.D.R. blindly ... " By 1947 he was president of the Screen Actors Guild and found himself embroiled in the union wars ravaging Hollywood. Reagan came to believe that the bitter strikes in 1945 and 1946 by stagehands of the Conference of Studio Unions represented a communist attempt to take over Hollywood, and that belief changed his political views forever. In the subsequent era of the blacklists, Reagan not only cooperated in the purging of suspected communists but also served as an undercover FBI informant. Speaking to TIME's Laurence Barrett three decades later about his recollection of the leftists' tactics, he said with unusual bitterness, "I discovered it firsthand—the cynicism, the brutality, the complete lack of morality in their positions, and the cold-bloodedness of their attempt, at any cost, to gain control of that industry."

Reagan felt with some justification that his union activity damaged his career as an actor. After more than 50 films, he was getting no offers of good parts. By 1953 he was reduced to doing a nightclub routine in Las Vegas, where he introduced various singers and dancers and made apologetic jokes about his own inability to either sing or dance. Was the optimist discouraged? Hardly. He was soon offered a new job that was to change his whole life. For $125,000 a year, he would act as host and occasional star of a weekly television drama series for General Electric; for 10 weeks each year he would also act as a kind of goodwill ambassador to GE plants around the nation.

As one of the first prominent Hollywood actors to defect to the much scorned new medium of TV, Reagan revived his acting career. *The General Electric Theater,* with Reagan as host from 1954 to 1962, dominated the Sunday-night ratings. But what changed Reagan was his tours of the GE plants. Later, Reagan's opponents often underestimated him, dismissing him as "just an actor," an amateur lacking political experience. What they failed to see was that although Reagan had not spent much time in conventional politics, he had gained both skill and experience in what was to become the politics of the TV age, the politics of electronic images and symbols. Reagan once figured that in his eight years at GE, he had visited every one of the company's 139 plants, met more than 250,000 employees, spent 4,000 hours talking to them and "enjoyed every whizzing minute of it." He polished his delivery, the intimate confiding tone, the air of sincerity, the wry chuckle, the well-timed burst of fervor.

Reagan also listened. As he zigzagged across the country, he acquired a powerful sense of what ordinary people thought and hoped and wanted. "That did much to shape my ideas," Reagan said later. "These employees I was meeting were a cross section of America, and damn it, too many of our political leaders, our labor leaders, and certainly a lot of geniuses ... on Madison Avenue, have underestimated them. They want the truth, they are friendly and helpful, intelligent and alert. They are concerned ... with their very firm personal liberties. And they are moral." The hemophilic liberal was becoming steadily more conservative. Over the years he devised a series of slogans that many experts considered simplistic but many voters seemed to respond to. "Government is not the solution to our problem. Government is the problem," Reagan would say, over and over. "Government causes inflation, and government can make it go away. The best social program is a job."

He eventually became so vocally critical of such sanctified

MICHAEL EVANS—ZUMA PRESS

The President's Team

Reagan's first Cabinet. Sharing the front row: Secretary of State Alexander Haig, Vice President George H.W. Bush and Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger

New Deal creations as Social Security and the Tennessee Valley Authority that GE abruptly dropped him in 1962, but Reagan was by now much in demand on what he liked to call "the mashed-potato circuit." When the conservatives rallied behind the presidential campaign of Senator Barry Goldwater in 1964, Reagan's gift for oratory provided one of the unexpected highlights in the doomed campaign. "You and I have a rendezvous with destiny," Reagan declared (borrowing one of Franklin Roosevelt's most famous lines) to a G.O.P. fund-raising dinner in Los Angeles. "We will preserve for our children this, the last best hope of man on earth, or we will sentence them to take the first step into a thousand years of darkness."

When Goldwater's campaign ended in disaster, Reagan's rhetoric still echoed in the mind of a prosperous Los Angeles Ford dealer named Holmes P. Tuttle. He invited to his home a group of wealthy California conservatives, and they decided that Reagan should be their gubernatorial candidate in 1966. Governor Pat Brown was an amiably conventional liberal, who ran on his amiably conventional record. Reagan spotted and exploited a new issue: middle-class discontent over disturbances at the University of California and over the disturbances of the 1960s in general. He vowed to "clean up the mess at Berkeley." He won by a margin of almost 1 million votes out of 6.5 million.

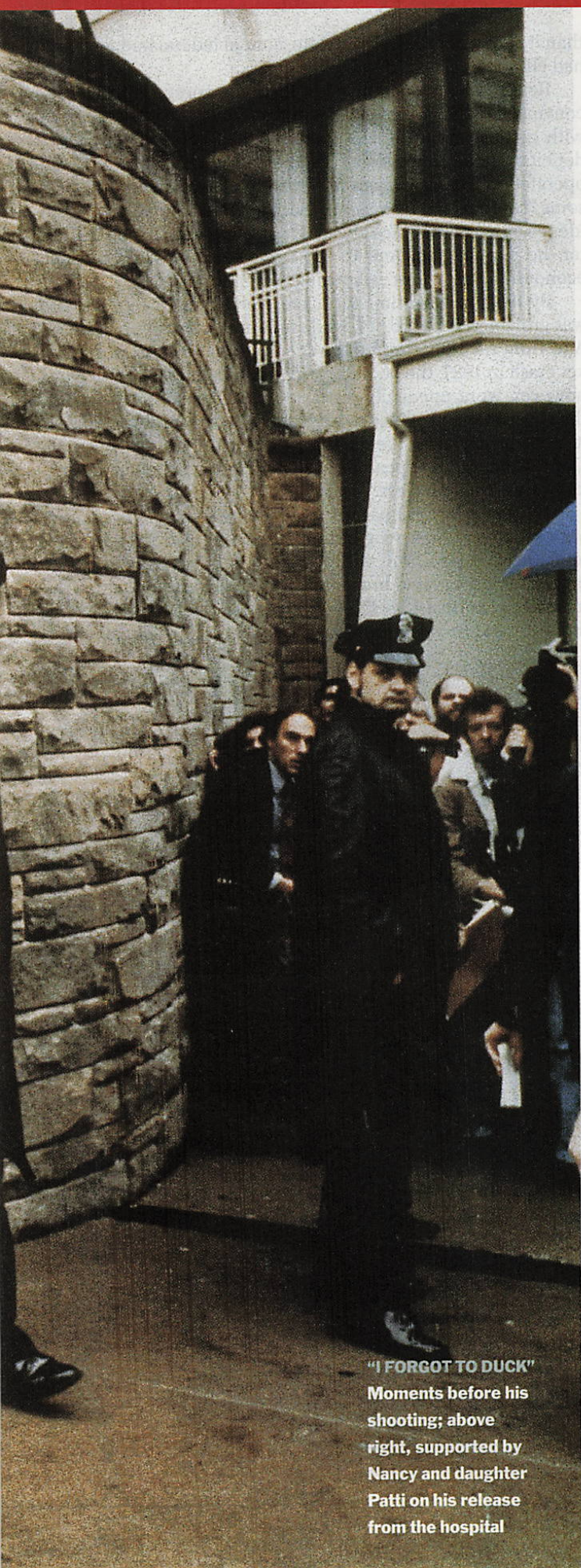
Reagan proved a surprisingly pragmatic and successful Governor. Though all his campaign rhetoric opposed tax increases, he soon found that he needed more revenue to do all he wanted to do, so he imposed the biggest tax hike in state history. Winning a second term by half a million votes, Reagan turned to simplifying and reducing welfare spending and got his way by shrewd bargaining with his Democratic opposition. But his successes came during the years when his party was falling into disgrace nationally because of President Nixon's Watergate scandal. When Reagan retired as Governor in 1975, according to one poll, fewer than 20% of Americans considered themselves Republicans.

Yet to Reagan the optimist, it was just a matter of patience and marketing. "I believe the Republican Party represents basically the thinking of the people of this country, if we can get that message across to the people," he said. "I am going to try to do that." He began a weekly commentary broadcast on some 200 radio stations and a biweekly column in 175 newspapers. Those efforts, together with his popularity on the mashed-potato circuit, increased his income from a Governor's salary of $49,100 to about $800,000 a year.

He was irked, though, to see Republican leadership after Nixon's resignation fall into the hands of Gerald Ford, who did not represent right-thinking conservatism. It was almost unheard of to challenge an incumbent President from one's own party, but in 1976 Reagan took the risk, losing at the convention, 1,187 delegates to 1,070. When Ford went down to defeat, Reagan was well positioned to claim the right to be the next challenger to President Jimmy Carter in 1980.

Except that he was old. By Inauguration Day 1981, he would be almost 70, older than any man had been when beginning his presidency. Reagan countered with a joke: "Middle age is when you're faced with two temptations, and you choose the one that will get you home at 9 o'clock." Campaign manager John Sears, the Washington lawyer and strategist who had helped Reagan nearly unseat Ford in 1976, believed Reagan should remain aloofly "presidential." The principal result was that he lost the first big contest, the Iowa caucuses, to hard-

Ronald Wilson Reagan: 1911-2004



MICHAEL EVANS—ZUMA PRESS

"I FORGOT TO DUCK" Moments before his shooting; above right, supported by Nancy and daughter Patti on his release from the hospital

CORBIS

driving George Bush. With the whole campaign at stake in the upcoming New Hampshire primary, Reagan shifted to the grittier strategy known among aides as "letting Reagan be Reagan." That led to one of the most memorable scenes of the year: the debate in Nashua, at which Bush sat out a procedural argument in frozen silence while someone tried to turn off Reagan's microphone, and Reagan angrily cried out, "I am paying for this microphone!" It also led to a sweeping victory that virtually assured him the nomination.

Carter too was confident that Reagan would be no match. Reagan being Reagan again upset the prognostications. While aides tried to stuff him with facts for his important TV debate against Carter, the challenger practiced one-liners, notably one that he flung at Carter with considerable effect: "There you go again!" Even more stinging was his repeated question to the voters, "Are you better off than you were four years ago?" The answer was, 50.7% of the votes for Reagan, with 41% for Carter and 6.6% for independent John Anderson. The electoral votes were even more lopsided: 489 for Reagan, 49 for Carter.

Reagan took the vote as a mandate for an "era of national renewal" that he proposed to achieve by some unfamiliar methods: tax cuts, budget cuts, less regulation, less welfare. But before he could even begin to achieve anything like that, he had to endure the shattering attack by John Hinckley, a reasonably prosperous and reasonably well-educated young man whose only motive for murder was his desire to impress a movie actress whom he had never met, Jodie Foster. It was Reagan's luck that five of the six bullets missed him, but one apparently ricocheted off his car, spun below his armpit and punctured a lung. Reagan did not even know he was wounded until he began tasting his own blood as the armored limousine sped him away from the scene. But he was brave, stoic, uncomplaining. Lying in bed, he even began offering a stream of jokes. To doctors as he entered surgery: "Please tell me you're Republicans." On coming out of anesthesia, he paraphrased W.C. Fields: "All in all, I'd rather be in

Philadelphia." And again: "If I had this much attention in Hollywood, I would have stayed."

Long after Reagan was restored to health, the effects of the attack lingered. "There was a certain sadness," said one of his old friends, former Senator Paul Laxalt. "You could see it in his eyes. It wasn't just the physical pain. I think that he was deeply hurt, emotionally, that this could happen to him." Reagan was reluctant to admit any such hurt, but he did acknowledge to an interviewer that it had been a "reminder of mortality and the importance of time." Beyond that, he liked to say, "God has a plan for everyone."

Reagan had his own plan. When he asked the voters whether they were better off than they had been four years earlier, he was aiming at a continuing phenomenon known as stagflation, an inflation that had climbed to 13.5% in Carter's last year while the economy remained stagnant. The new Congress gave the new President what he most wanted, a 25% tax cut over three years and a $35 billion cut in the budget. At a time when many economists were arguing that America would just have to learn to live with 10% inflation annually, Reagan reappointed inflation fighter Paul Volcker as chairman of the Federal Reserve and supported his war on inflation despite withering attacks and considerable domestic pain. The economy swooned into a recession: by the following year, the GNP was shrinking at a rate of 1.9%. Unemployment reached 10.8%, the highest since the Depression, and the poverty rate grew faster than it had in decades. By 1983 the annual federal budget deficit had climbed past the $200 billion mark.

Reagan and the supply-side theorists around him were so convinced of the virtues of growth that they were less concerned with getting around to the spending cuts and worrying about deficits. Some congressional leaders and White House aides cooperated in urging Reagan to return to conventional measures, some "revenue enhancements," but the President rejected all evidence of worse troubles ahead. Everything would soon get better, he kept saying. And to the surprise of most professional economists, just about everything did.

By 1984, in good time for his re-election campaign, the GNP was growing a robust 6.8%, while inflation had dropped to 4.3%. And from then on, despite the spectacular but brief stock-market crash in 1987, the boom kept right on booming. Those gains, however, were unequally distributed. Reagan liked to say that the government provided a "safety net" for the "truly needy," but it was during these years that, for the first time since the Depression, there appeared those huddled figures who became known as "the homeless."

Another pillar of Reagan's approach was to get government out of the way of growing businesses. Deregulation had started tentatively under Carter with the airlines, but Reagan applied it broadly, to energy and broadcasting and butressed it with a dismantling of antitrust laws. Reagan was a staunch free-trader and did little to stop the onslaught against sluggish American corpo-

AUDIENCE
Meeting with Pope John Paul II at the Vizcaya mansion in Miami during a 1987 papal visit

RONALD REAGAN LIBRARY

DISARMING Strolling with Soviet President Gorbachev at a 1987 summit in Washington

DIANA WALKER FOR TIME

rations from aggressive Japanese manufacturers. Reagan's term coincided with the height of Japan's economic boom, and his instinct was that in the long run, it would be better to let most companies fend for themselves.

Under pressure from foreign competition, and with the antitrust lawyers looking the other way, Wall Street tumbled into a fever of mergers, leveraged buyouts, massive restructurings and corporate raids. It was painful, it was chaotic, it hurt a lot of workers, both blue and white collar. But in the end it seems to have produced a more competitive economy, with companies more nimble, more responsive to customers and more innovative, even if their workers felt less secure or loyal. The 1980s shakeout helped prime the economy for its leap into the high-productivity, technology-fueled boom of the next decade.

A philosophical offshoot of Reagan's impulse to deregulate was the 1986 tax-reform bill. Although the primary goal was to lower tax rates a lot, to encourage work and investment, the trick was to pay for it by eliminating most of the exemptions and special tax breaks and shelters, all the ways the government tried to micromanage the economy and control behavior. Reagan and the reformers believed in letting individuals make decisions based on their own view of economic self-interest, not the tax code's. By the end of Reagan's term, the ground had shifted to the point that it became all but impossible for politicians to propose big new spending programs in the face of so much red ink. "Reagan's policies," said Stanford economist Michael Boskin, "were all designed to do what public policy could do to transform a badly ailing economy into a highly competitive one."

DURING HIS CAMPAIGN FOR THE WHITE HOUSE, REAGAN ASKED the voters not only whether they were better off but also whether the nation was stronger than it had been four years earlier. And there was little doubt about the answer. At the time, America's diplomats were being held hostage in Iran, a rescue attempt had crashed in flames in the desert, and the Army—by its generals' own admission—was going "hollow." Though Presidents Nixon, Ford and Carter had all promoted the development of new weapons systems—the MX missile, F-117 fighter, the B-2 bomber, the M1 tank—it was under Reagan that those programs bore fruit, along with a mighty, imaginary weapon born all of Reagan's own instincts.

When Reagan took office, the Soviet Union was 64 years old, nearly eligible, as it were, for Social Security. The rot in its marrow, while still hidden to the outside world and U.S. intelligence, was metastasizing. Reagan's great contribution to the end of the cold war was first understanding that Moscow's cancer was terminal and then working to ensure—through arms control, constrained rhetoric and personal diplomacy—that the end would come about, peacefully but inexorably.

Reagan's instincts, like his rhetoric, evolved over the course of his two terms as the ground began shifting beneath him. After a decade of Presidents carefully talking détente, Reagan denounced the Soviet Union as the "evil empire" and accused its leaders of claiming "the right to commit any crime, to lie, to cheat." To armor such rhetoric, Reagan demanded and got a huge increase in U.S. defense spending. He nearly doubled defense spending during his first term while deploying medium-range nuclear missiles in Europe and battling communists in Central America. He rarely gave ground, and fumbles in foreign policy—

like the deaths of 241 Marines on an ill-advised mission to Lebanon in 1983—were eclipsed by sending the troops into Grenada only days later.

In March 1983, Reagan gave a landmark speech calling on the U.S. to build a shield that would render Moscow's nuclear missiles "impotent and obsolete." Whether or not the U.S. could build such a Star Wars shield was less important than the Soviets' knowledge that they themselves never could. The Strategic Defense Initiative (SDI) quickly became an obsession of the Soviet leadership. Konstantin Chernenko and Mikhail Gorbachev tried to derail it through propaganda and arms control. But Reagan steadfastly refused to give it up.

Reagan's boosters argue that it took a weapon that never worked to win a war that was never fought. For having failed to kill the program, the Soviets were prodded by SDI into trying to modernize their society—which could only be achieved by liberalization. "I used to think SDI didn't have a great impact," says Lawrence Korb, who was an Assistant Secretary of Defense during the Reagan Administration. "But as I meet former Soviet marshals and talk to them, I'm increasingly convinced it had a major impact. The Soviets feared it could work, and that had a tremendous impact, psychologically, on them."

FOR ALL REAGAN'S FOREIGN POLICY SUCCESSES, HIS FINAL YEARS were overshadowed by scandal. He had become committed to finding a way to free American hostages held in Lebanon. In 1985 his National Security Adviser, Robert (Bud) McFarlane, oversaw a scheme in which Israel, as a stand-in for the U.S., would provide TOW antitank missiles to an Iranian arms dealer in exchange for help in obtaining the release of hostages. Did Reagan, who had repeatedly declared he would make no deals with Iran or terrorists, agree to this one? McFarlane later testified that he did. Reagan said he couldn't remember. After a shipment of missiles (and one hostage released), the Iranians demanded more. Prompted by CIA Director William Casey and by McFarlane's successor, John Poindexter, Reagan signed a "finding" that this otherwise illegal deal was necessary for national security, but he did not inform Congress, as required by law.

After several more arms shipments, another hostage was released. By this time, Poindexter had delegated much of the maneuvering to his gung-ho assistant, Marine Lieut. Colonel Oliver North, who was also cooperating with the CIA in supplying arms to the Nicaraguan rebels, even though Congress had formally forbidden any such action. Somehow there emerged what North later called a "neat idea"—using money that the Iranians paid for illegal arms to buy more illegal arms for the Nicaraguan rebels.

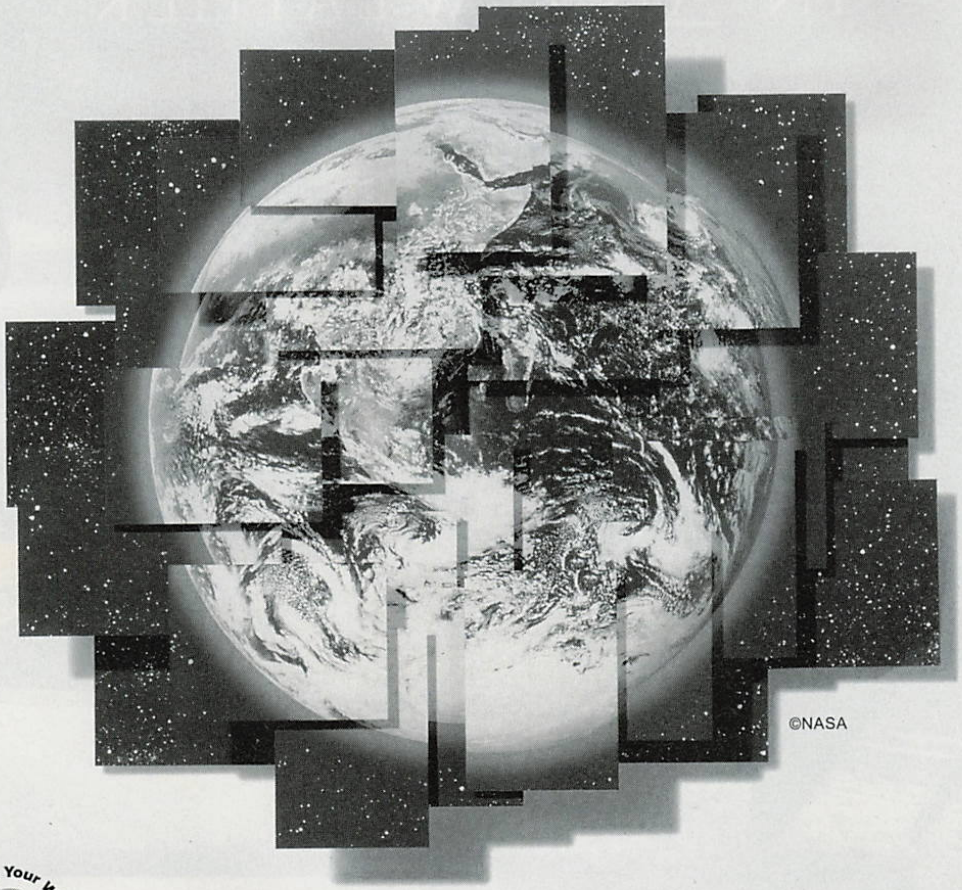
When all this official smuggling and dissembling came to light shortly after the summer of 1986, it was a cruelly self-inflicted wound to the whole Reagan Administration. North was fired; Poindexter resigned. McFarlane, after attempting suicide, pleaded guilty to charges of withholding information from Congress. On the eve of his scheduled appearance before a Senate investigative committee, CIA Chief Casey suffered a seizure and was rushed to the hospital; he died five months later. But politically, the chief victim was Reagan, who kept saying he had broken no laws and negotiated with no terrorists. Polls showed that most Americans didn't believe him.

At the height of the Iran-*contra* scandal, there was some anxiety in the White House that Reagan might actually be im-

BETTMANN CORBIS

LAWN DIPLOMACY: Walking Lucky with good friend Margaret Thatcher

One Photo for a Better World



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Focus on Your World

UNEP (United Nations Environment Programme) International Photographic Competition on the Environment 2004 - 2005

UNEP International Photographic Competition on the Environment 2004 - 2005

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PRIZES

1. **General Category** (Persons 25 or older on 24 October, 2004)
   Gold Prize(one)US$20,000 and plaque / Silver Prize(one)
   Bronze Prize(three) / Honorary Mention(forty)
2. **Youth Category** (Persons 15 to 24 on 24 October, 2004)
   Gold Prize(one)US$5,000 and plaque / Silver Prize(one)
   Bronze Prize(three) / Honorary Mention(forty)
3. **Children's Category** (Persons 14 or younger on 24 October, 2004)
   Gold Prize(one)US$2,000 and plaque / Silver Prize(one)
   Bronze Prize(three) / Honorary Mention(forty)
4. **The UNEP Executive Director's Special Prize**
5. **The Canon Special Prize**
   Canon products will be presented as supplementary prizes to gold,silver and bronze winners in each category, and the Canon Special Prize winner. Payment of tax or import duties on prizes will be the sole responsibility of the award winner.

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COMPETITION DATES:
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A LONG GOODBYE The couple, at home four years ago, celebrate Reagan's 89th birthday

RONALD REAGAN FOUNDATION

peached, and yet many Americans seemed to forgive him as easily as he forgave himself. When he left office just a year later, his approval rating with the public stood at 63%.

IF ANYTHING, THE PUBLIC'S ADMIRATION FOR HIM GREW IN THE years after he left office—not least because of a fervent effort on the part of his admirers to exalt him. His disciples, having already lobbied for Washington's airport and a major office building and aircraft carrier to be named for him, are at work having a public building in his honor in all U.S. counties, and perhaps his face on the $10 bill. Popular affection and admiration ultimately mixed with sympathy once he revealed his battle with Alzheimer's in 1994. "At the moment I feel just fine," he wrote in a letter revealing his condition. "I intend to live the remainder of the years God gives me on this Earth doing the things I have always done. I will continue to share life's journey with my beloved Nancy and my family ... When the Lord calls me home, whenever that day may be, I will leave with the greatest love for this country of ours, and eternal optimism for its future."

That journey would last another decade, in which Nancy was fierce in her protection of his privacy and dignity. Hers was said to be the last face he recognized. The excellent health that had served him well through his life had the effect of prolonging his death: a mind fading while a body pushed on, full of energy and health it no longer needed. He would rake the leaves out of the pool for hours, Morris wrote, not knowing that his Secret Service agents would quietly replace them. Had he been a less vigorous man, the doctors said, he would have died much sooner.

What history will finally make of Ronald Reagan remains, for the time being, history's secret. Surveys have found him ranked high on lists of both the most underrated and overrated Presidents, and yet in recent years there had come a reconsideration of the man and his legacy.

To his supporters, particularly those who called themselves conservatives, Reagan's triumphs represented an enduring revolution in American politics, an end to the New Deal and its heritage of ever growing government power, regulation, taxing and spending. "We were all revolutionaries, and the revolution has been a success," Reagan said on leaving office.

Throughout virtually his whole life, Reagan seemed to cling to an unchanging vision of an America that the Hollywood of his youth tried both to express and create. It was a Norman Rockwell vision of elm-shaded village life, of freckle-faced boys going fishing, of parading on July 4; it was a Horatio Alger vision of hard work and thrift and virtue rewarded. If the Gipper died young, he nonetheless died a hero. That was the America in which Reagan wanted Americans to believe, and in which many Americans themselves wanted to believe. And to a surprising extent, they succeeded. ■

The Eternal Optimist

By Nancy Reagan

I THINK THEY BROKE THE MOLD WHEN THEY MADE RONNIE. HE WAS A MAN OF STRONG principles and integrity. He had absolutely no ego, and he was very comfortable in his own skin; therefore, he didn't feel he ever had to prove anything to anyone. He said what he thought and believed. He could move from being a sportscaster to moving pictures and TV, to being Governor of the largest state in the country for eight years and then to being President for eight years, and somehow remain the same wonderful man. Perhaps this was helped by his strong, unshakable religious beliefs.

Ronnie always believed that God has a plan for each of us and that we might not know what it is now, but eventually we will.

He never took off or landed in a plane without looking out the window and saying a silent prayer. I don't think many people knew this. He was the eternal optimist—the glass was always half full, not half empty.

I think his faith and his comfort with himself accounts for that optimism. Since he felt that everything happens for a reason, he never saw things darkly. After he was shot and we almost lost him, he lay on his hospital bed staring at the ceiling and praying. He told me that he realized he couldn't pray just for himself, that it wouldn't be right, and that he also had to pray for John Hinckley. Hinckley's parents sent him a note and he wrote a nice one back to them.

> "Ronnie always believed that God has a plan for each of us and that we might not know what it is now."

Later, Cardinal Cooke visited Ronnie in the White House and said, "God was certainly sitting on your shoulder that day." Ronnie replied, "Yes, I know, and I made up my mind that all the days I have left belong to Him."

Ronnie was a very private man but also gregarious, and he loved seeing and meeting people. After being married to him for 52 years, I have so many memories. He was very sentimental and romantic and tender. On my birthday, he always sent my mother flowers to thank her for having me, and he wrote me beautiful, touching letters when we had to be apart.

Some time ago, he went for a walk and passed a house with roses in front. He bent over to pick one, and the Secret Service agent reminded him it wasn't his house. He looked stricken and said, "But I want to give it to my lady." He picked it and brought it home to me.

You cannot talk about Ronnie without mentioning his wonderful sense of humor. I think he could tell stories all day without repeating himself—a joy for people with him, but he also made use of it politically. If things got a little heated and tense, he would break the tension with a story. By the time he ended, the mood would have changed, and they got on with the business with no rancor.

Ronnie always told his children, "If you go into a store and feel that the clerk is being rude, stop and think that she may have had a tough day, and put yourself in her shoes." I remember that he told his son, "A gentleman always does the kind thing." Yes, Ronnie could be stubborn—but always with a smile.

He was deeply guided by the principle that the Soviet system was wrong. It made a tremendous impression when we went to Berlin and stood on a balcony to see the other side. There was not a soul on the street, and we thought how eerie and disturbing that was. When we went to Checkpoint Charlie, and Ronnie was shown the line that people couldn't cross, he took his foot and put it over the line. He felt it was important to assert what was right. He got very stubborn and even mad when his advisers would take out a line he really believed from a speech. It was on that trip that he stood in front of the Berlin Wall and said, "Mr. Gorbachev, tear down this wall!"

Ronnie felt this was his greatest accomplishment—finding a safe ending to the cold war. And his other great legacy, he felt, was giving our country back its optimism.

At our last Kennedy Center Honors show, Walter Cronkite went back onstage at the end and brought out all the cast, performers and crew to salute us. By this time, the aisles were filled with ushers, and he gave a very touching tribute. The audience then turned, faced us and sang *Auld Lang Syne.* I had dissolved into tears by that time. But Ronnie called down, "Beats getting an Oscar." Only Ronnie could do that.

When we were leaving the White House for the last time and walking toward the helicopter, he turned to me with his heartwarming grin. "Well, it's been a wonderful eight years," he said. "All in all, not bad. Not bad at all." ■

Editor's note: Before her husband's death, Nancy Reagan wrote about her memories of him for TIME

MICHAEL EVANS—ZUMA PRESS

END OF AN ERA America's 40th President takes a last long look at his former office

DIRCK HALSTEAD FOR TIME

How His Legacy Lives on

By Richard Lacayo and John F. Dickerson

RONALD REAGAN UTTERLY remade the American political landscape. Even Bill Clinton, as adroit a politician as America has known, had to conduct his entire presidency in the confined political space in which Reagan placed him. It was because of Reagan that Clinton had to promise to end welfare as we know it. It was because of Reagan that he spoke the fateful line, "The era of Big Government is over."

As it happens, it wasn't over—more on that later—but make no mistake, what Reagan brought forth was a revolution all the same. Like the Civil War and the New Deal, the Reagan years were another of those hinges upon which history sometimes turns. On one side, a wounded but still vigorous liberalism with its faith in government as the answer to almost every question. On the other, a free market so triumphant—even after the tech bubble burst—that we look first to "growth," not government, to solve most problems. On one side, a U.S. still licking its wounds from Vietnam, reluctant to exercise its power. On the other, U.S. forces in Bosnia, Haiti, Afghanistan and Iraq. On one side, Russians invading Kabul. On the other, McDonald's invading Moscow.

Reagan was without a doubt the greatest communica-

tor among postwar Presidents. Even J.F.K., with his faintly patrician manner, could not play the effortless everyman as Reagan did. Every politician with national ambitions today tries to capture his easy way and Teflon character. All Republican candidates are conditioned now to always ask themselves, What would Reagan do?

He not only knew how to talk. He also knew how to use the power of his persuasion. "Reagan fundamentally changed the way President and Congress relate," says Al From, former head of the Democratic Leadership Council, which pushed the Democratic Party toward the center—inspired partly by Reagan's success in pushing the G.O.P. to the right. "Before Reagan, if you wanted to get a big idea through Congress, you worked through the leadership. Reagan couldn't do that. The most important leader in Congress, House Speaker Tip O'Neill, was his enemy. So he figured out he had to go to the people. To get a big idea through Congress now, you go outside. Reagan understood that."

Ever since Reagan's departure from the political stage, G.O.P. candidates have been trying to summon his image and perform the magic of uniting their party's disparate factions, from libertarians to religious conservatives to Big Business, under one tent. Don't forget that Reagan also left that imprint on another charismatic actor who now sits in the Governor's chair in California. As he tries to find his way out of a nasty fiscal crisis, Arnold Schwarzenegger is taking lessons from the Reagan playbook all the time. "They both have extraordinary personal charm," observes Ken Khachigian, Reagan's former chief speechwriter. "That goes a great way in taking the sting out of things when you're doing something negative."

ANTHONY SUAU FOR TIME

RIOT OF FREEDOM In 1989 Reagan's earlier call to "tear down this wall" comes to fruition

Remarkably, Reagan accomplished that while being the most conservative President his party had ever moved into the White House. Make no mistake. By Republican standards, Richard Nixon was middle-of-the-road. He believed his job was not to dismantle the New Deal but to manage it more effectively than the Democrats did. And by those lights, Gerald Ford was no better, naming the ur-moderate Nelson Rockefeller, the bogeyman of the Republican right, his Vice President.

"Reagan took a more moderate Republican Party and made it very conservative," says Larry Sabato, a political-science professor at the University of Virginia. "Goldwater tried and failed to do that. Reagan succeeded." More than that, Reagan took who was next in line of Republican centrism, George H.W. Bush, vanquished him in the 1980 primaries and then cordially digested him into his own Administration. It was a lesson George the Younger never forgot.

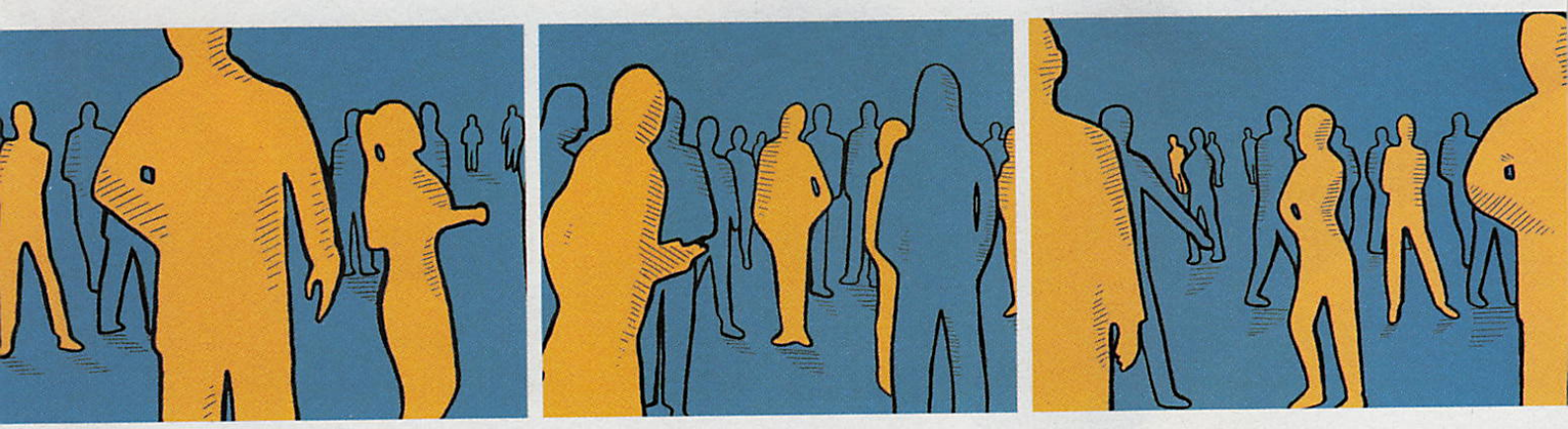
So great was Reagan's victory in making his preoccupations into enduring themes of the national conversation that it may not matter that his record didn't always match his rhetoric. He insisted, for instance, that a balanced budget was one of his priorities. But by the time Reagan left office, a combination of lower tax revenues and sharply higher spending for defense had sent the deficit through the roof. But as Dick Cheney is reported to have said, "Reagan proved that deficits don't matter." In his recent memoir, former Bush Treasury Secretary Paul O'Neill quotes the Vice President using those words to shut down an internal White House debate over the budgetary impact of Bush's tax cuts. And at least with respect to the political costs, he was right. Reagan demonstrated that among voters, the easily understood appeal of tax cuts neutralized the abstract peril of big deficits. It's a trick that the current Administration is hoping can still be managed.

Yet if Reagan never balanced the budget, he changed the conversation about government. He made nonmilitary federal spending seem like an indulgence. Because of his two electoral landslides, a badly humbled Democratic Party had to think, really think, about reinventing government, trying free-market approaches to problems like public housing and health care that they once saw chiefly as targets for tax dollars. Four years after Reagan left office, the enduring popularity of his ideas obliged Clinton to back away from his 1993 stimulus spending package in favor of a budget more agreeable to the bond markets. When Clinton's proposed health plan started looking like a return to Big Government, voters rose up to produce the '94 Republican sweep of Congress. By May of that year, only 2% of Americans were telling pollsters they had "a lot" of confidence that the Federal Government could tackle a problem and solve it. Two percent.

That '94 sweep was itself a delayed tremor of the Reagan upheaval. Newt Gingrich's Contract with America drew heavily from Reagan's legacy. But there was another lesson of Reaganism that Gingrich and the Republican class of '94 grasped too late: keep smiling. Even when his views were most intransigent—when he wondered out loud whether Martin Luther King Jr. was a communist or failed for nearly all of his presidency to speak the word AIDS even once—Reagan gave Reaganism a human face. "He made us sunny optimists," says Bush political adviser Karl Rove. "His was a conservatism of laughter and openness and community."

By the '90s most presidential campaigners had learned to follow that model, and the ones who hadn't, like Pat Buchanan,

NOVARTIS



Nearly half the people taking medicine for their high blood pressure still have numbers that are too high.

New medical guidelines state that less than 120/80 is a normal blood pressure for most adults, and that high blood pressure medicine is recommended for numbers at or above 140/90. But millions of people, even those taking prescription medicine, still can't get their numbers down enough.

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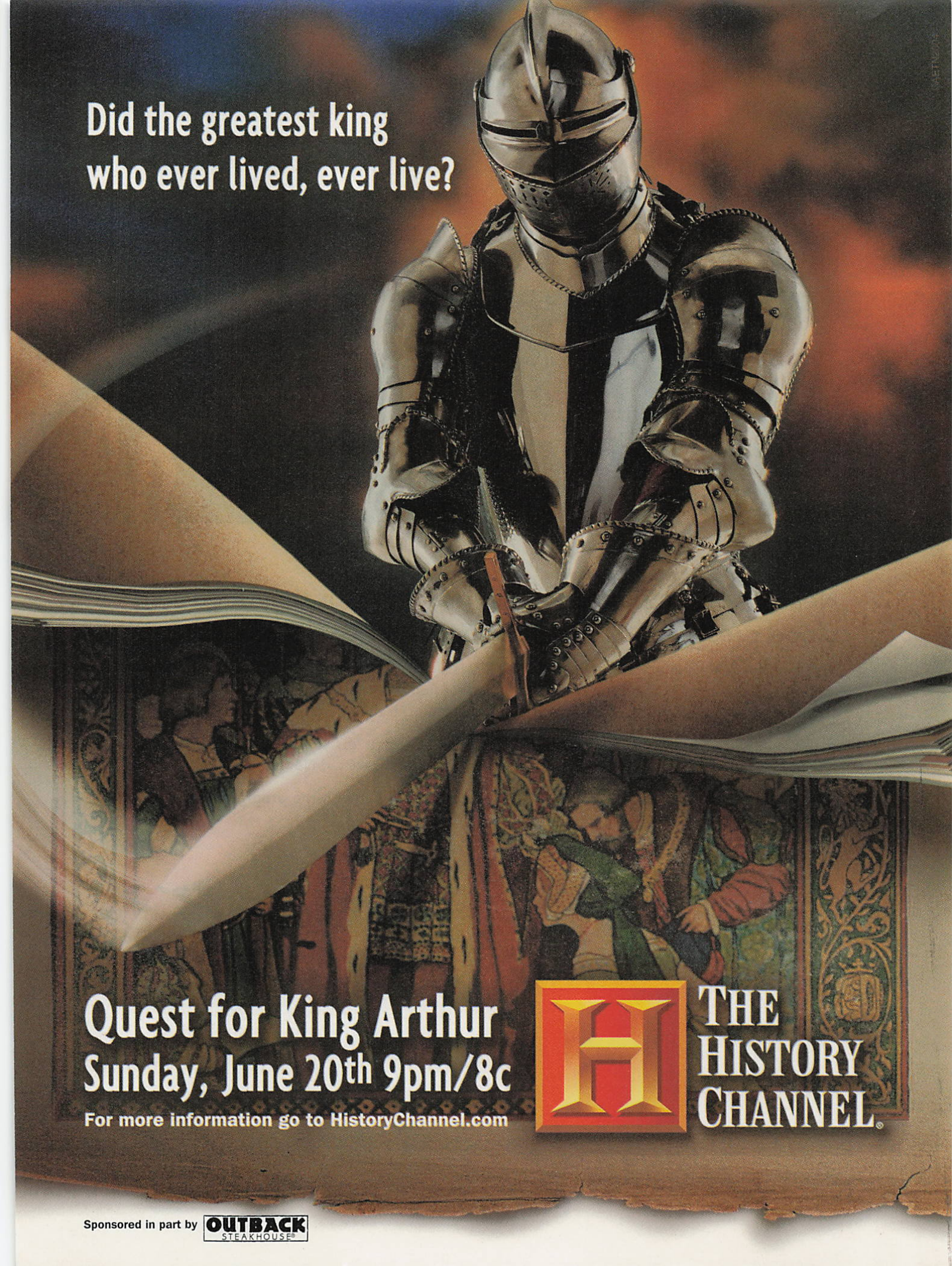
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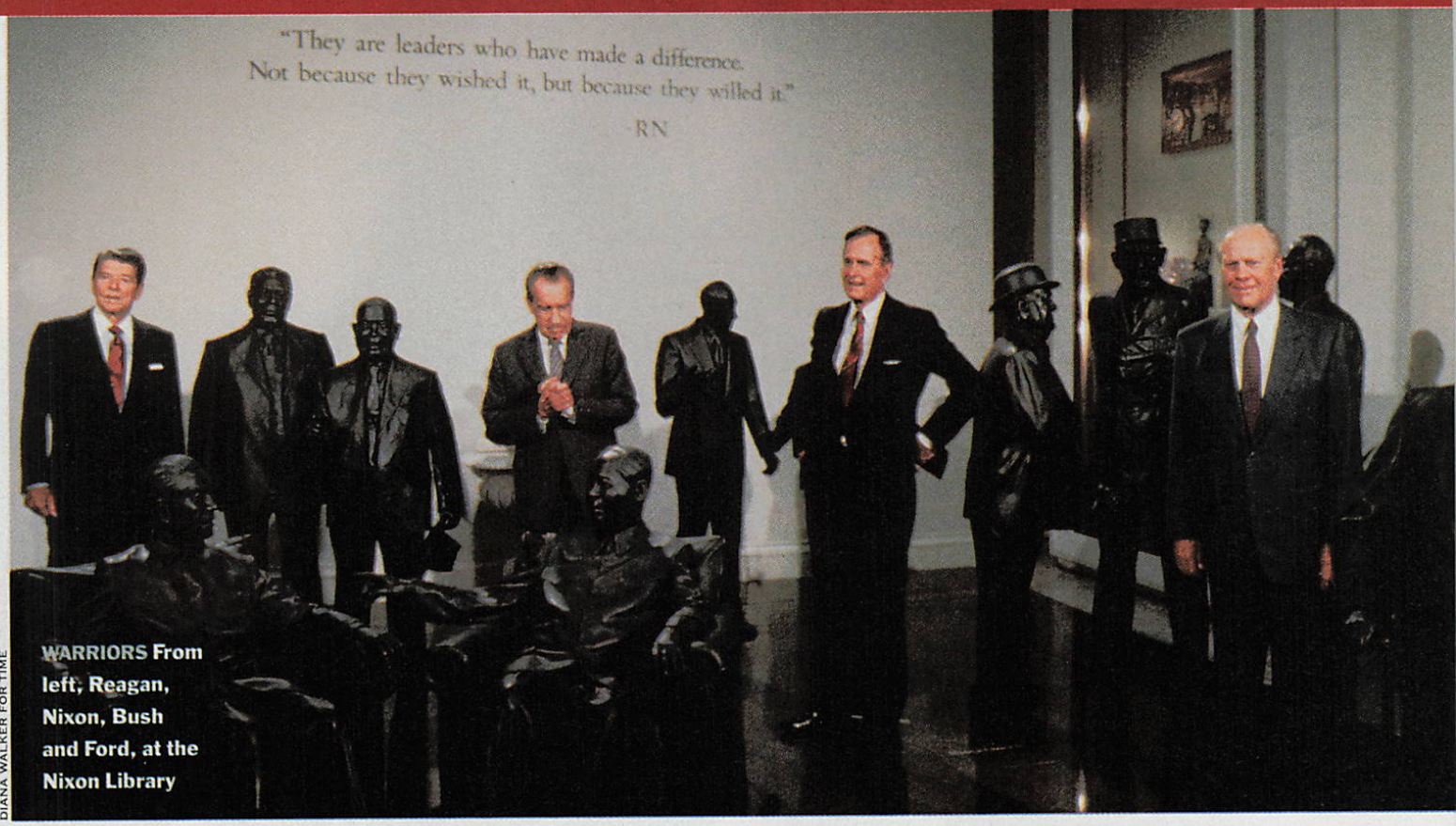


DIANA WALKER FOR TIME

WARRIORS From left, Reagan, Nixon, Bush and Ford, at the Nixon Library

crashed and burned in their own rhetorical fires. Bob Dole used to proclaim himself "the most optimistic man in America." And Clinton was the Reagan of the liberals, always full of bright-faced hope for a new tomorrow. By comparison, Gingrich and his followers made conservatism look snide and angry and strenuous. They learned the phrases but never the genial delivery of the man who carried 49 states in 1984 without breaking a sweat.

That's a mistake George W. Bush has been careful not to repeat. Though he ran in 2000 on a platform as hard edged as any President's since, well, Reagan's, he was careful to style himself that year as a "compassionate conservative." One of Bush's recent campaign commercials—a girl watches her father raising an American flag as a narrator assures us that "America is turning the corner"—could be an outtake from Reagan's famous 1984 "Morning in America" campaign.

The Bush White House has absorbed the lessons of Reagan-era foreign policy too. From the first, Reagan moved aggressively to undo the "Vietnam syndrome," the postwar hesitation to project American power by force and to act unilaterally in places like Libya and Grenada. These days, when we do that in Iraq, we call it the Bush doctrine. But Reagan also presided over a moment of weakness that led America's enemies in the Middle East to believe that terrorism could work. On Oct. 23, 1983, Hizballah terrorists blew up Marine barracks in Beirut, killing 241. A few months later, Reagan withdrew the remaining U.S. forces. Two decades after that, National Security Adviser Condoleezza Rice put it this way: "Prior to Sept. 11, our policies as a nation, going really all the way back to the bombing of the Lebanon barracks, were not in a mode of the kind of war that we were fighting." Translation: We cut and ran. Terrorists drew their own conclusions.

THE WHITE HOUSE MAY RETURN TO THE DEMOCRATS SOME DAY. EVEN Congress may go back their way. But the federal courts will be Reagan's for years to come. He named 83 appeals-court judges and 292 district-court judges, slightly more than half the federal judiciary. That's more federal judges named than by any other President in history.

Reagan's impact on the judiciary has been profound. Federal courts today are far more willing to question racial and ethnic preferences. Mandatory busing for school desegregation is now a museum piece. Court rulings in criminal cases are far more likely to favor law enforcement. Laws once prohibited even moments of silence in classrooms and remedial education for the underprivileged in sectarian schools. Now school vouchers for use in private schools, both secular and sectarian, hold up in courts.

The real Reagan years, the years of red suspenders and corporate takeovers, of *Bonfire of the Vanities* and big hair, were shorter than they seem in memory. They began around the middle of his first term, after the 1981 recession gave way to the boom years, and ended midway through his second, when Iran-*contra* broke and so in some ways did Reagan's spell. But however briefly they lasted, those years habituated us to a giddy, swaggering, saw-toothed capitalism that seemed a bit appalling then. It feels much more familiar now. Because the country had lived through the '80s, through all those poison pills and hostile takeovers and Donald Trump, the unapologetic materialism of the '90s—the stock options and IPOs, the $21 soup courses and 22-year-old millionaires (and Donald Trump!)—seemed more like business as usual in the most literal sense of the words.

But it won't do to end by emphasizing a Reagan legacy of unintended consequences. The consequences he wanted—an America that is stronger militarily, more dedicated to free enterprise, more mindful of the virtues of self-reliance and more confident in its own powers—were the ones he got as well, and the ones he passed on firmly to America. Ronald Reagan may be gone, but will it ever be accurate to call this nation "post-Reagan"? ■

THE FIRST FAN The former sidekick—taking in a show with wife Nancy in the White House—became a leading man in politics

PETE SOUZA—THE WHITE HOUSE

His Days in Hollywood

By Richard Corliss

IN 1966, MOVIE MOGUL JACK WARNER RE-turned from a European trip to hear that an actor who used to work for him was running for Governor of California. "No, no," Warner famously said. "Jimmy Stewart for Governor. Ronald Reagan for Best Friend." Second lead. Second best. Best friend. Genial loser. That was Reagan throughout his 15-year tenure at Warner Bros. and in most of his films. In the 1939 *Dark Victory* he played the bon-vivant boozer who loses Bette Davis to George Brent and a brain tumor. As the young George Armstrong Custer in the 1940 *Santa Fe Trail*, he lost Olivia de Havilland to Errol Flynn's Jeb Stuart. In early 1942 Reagan was announced for a lead role, with his frequent co-star Ann Sheridan, in a film of the play *Everyone Comes to Rick's*. After a round of Hollywood-casting roulette, Warner made the film without Reagan or Sheridan. They called it *Casablanca*.

Even in his two best-known roles he played young men who lost life or limb. The 1940 *Knute Rockne All American* features Reagan as football hero George Gipp, who led Notre Dame to gridiron greatness. Gipp died young, of pneumonia, but not before whispering a deathbed plea to "win just one for the Gipper." This all-time movie catchphrase gave Reagan a nickname that stuck to him for life. And his role in the 1942 *Kings Row*, as a brash young man who has had his legs amputated, gave Reagan the line that became the title of his 1965 autobiography: *Where's the Rest of Me.*

In Hollywood movies, destiny decides every romantic plot twist. In real life, success is more a matter of luck and timing. Reagan had the luck to be

signed to a film contract on his first try, at Warner in 1937, and to be cast as the lead in his debut effort, though his acting had been confined to school drama societies and his professional experience to announcing baseball games on the radio. But timing let him down. His breakthrough performance in *Kings Row* should have led to meatier roles, tailored to his personality; and it did win him a raise to $5,000 a week, negotiated by his agent, Lew Wasserman, later the head of the powerful media combine MCA. But this was 1942, America was at war, and Reagan's next costume was an officer's uniform in the U.S. Army Cavalry.

After the war, though he had graduated to leading roles, Reagan was an also-ran star. By the late '50s he had eased out of films and into TV hosting and a corporate pitchman's role for his new boss, General Electric. Testifying in 1962 before a grand-jury hearing on possible antitrust violations by MCA, he was asked his line of work and replied, with a joking modesty, "Actor, I think."

After the war, Humphrey Bogart got the haunted-hero roles at Warner; Reagan got the scraps

Like dozens of other middle-range film folk, Reagan made a good living but not an indelible impression. He didn't star in any great films, didn't pull jobs with many top directors, wasn't in movies so bad then they are guilty pleasures now. Reagan was never even a cult figure. His Hollywood career would be just one colorful chapter in the biography of the 40th President of the United States.

But he did devote two prime decades to movie acting. And film work offered some returns on his investment. It lent Reagan the status of a marketable commodity. It landed him two actress wives: the first, Oscar winner Jane Wyman; the second, Nancy Davis, who would be his and America's First Lady. Acting schooled Reagan in the hortatory oratory of movie dialogue—speeches crafted to sell an ideal or an emotion and still sound like plain-spoken common sense—a technique he used so persuasively in politics. And acting created the image of a pleasing persona: "Ronald Reagan," a collaboration of the man, the actor he became and the roles he was given to play. Where's the rest of President Reagan? A lot of it is in movies.

WARNER BROS.

A GIPPER IS BORN: *Rockne*, with Pat O'Brien, showed the actor's star quality and earned him a nickname

On June 1, 1937, the 26-year-old radio spieler strode into a $200-a-week contract at Warner Bros. His visible attributes: a golden smile; a long, lanky frame; a thick mane of dark hair, slicked back. But Reagan's most supple instrument was his voice. His Chicago Cubs play-by-play gig honed his ability to deliver dialogue with speed, assurance and conversational authority. Warner was a studio of fast-talking actors, but most of the men either sounded straight off the sidewalks of New York City (Humphrey Bogart, James Cagney, Pat O'Brien) or had acquired a well-bred British accent (the Australian Flynn, the Irish Brent). Reagan could pitch the sassy patter, but in heartland-America tones. Warner realized this and custom-made his first movie, *Love Is on the Air.* Playing a

"WHERE'S THE REST OF ME?" A horrifying scene in *Kings Row* (with Ann Sheridan) yielded the title of his autobiography

MONKEY BUSINESS In 1951, he was in *Bedtime for Bonzo* with Diana Lynn; a dramatic turn, above, on *General Electric Theatre* in 1961

EVERETT COLLECTION (3)

crusading radio host, he got to read much of his dialogue straight from the script.

As hero material, though, Reagan had limitations. His head was relatively small, his eyes were narrow, his lips thin. And he didn't know what to do with what he had. As critic Mitch Tuchman has noted: "Reagan's own repertoire of facial expressions was limited to an all-purpose, high-flung left eyebrow and tartly pursed lips. Later, when his attractive young face aged, these expressions were left behind, indelibly etched."

Reagan also lacked the true performer's love of being minutely scrutinized. Bluffly outgoing, infallibly at ease in large groups, he seemed inhibited by screen intimacy. He had trouble sustaining an emotion in close-up, as if he couldn't wait for someone, anyone, to yell, "Cut!" You can almost read the fear on Reagan's face. Only his eyebrow was cocky.

In his first Warner years, Reagan shuttled between supporting roles in A-level films and starring parts in B's. *Brother Rat*, set in the Virginia Military Institute, handed him the thankless role of the one sensible cadet in a bunch of college cutups. He was a radio announcer, again, in *Boy Meets Girl*—a good bit part, letting him display a frantic aplomb at a movie premiere as chaos erupts and he tries both to describe it and to rein it in.

Warner, a six-day-a-week studio, kept its actors busy. Reagan made 33 films in his first five years, averaging one every eight weeks. Some of his most confident work was in four B movies made in 1939, detailing the heroics of Secret Service Agent Brass Bancroft. In *Secret Service of the Air*, he foils an alien-smuggling racket and, during a fight, executes a smooth backflip over a cantina table. *Murder in the Air* earned some later camp luster with its secret weapon, the Inertia Protector, which is able to destroy hostile bombs aimed at the U.S.—a primitive forerunner of President Reagan's Star Wars plan.

These breezy B's, terrestrial siblings to the Buck Rogers serials, might not have been film literature, but they were the equivalent of expert speed typing. In them Reagan proved himself engaging, snappy, in command. When he figured no one was looking, he could be well worth watching.

Reagan still had to prove himself in A material, and just before the war he got a few chances. In the fluffy 1941 comedy *Million Dollar Baby*, he's Peter Rowan, a rebellious composer who's "got a sour disposition and a mouth to match." He calls himself "just a student of history. Civilization's rotting away." (Back then, he didn't mean the Soviet Union.) Reagan is pretty persuasive as a fellow spoiling for a fight with the world.

Million Dollar Baby displayed a tense defiance in Reagan, an untamed sexiness that he also used in *Knute Rockne*. His Gipp is famous for the deathbed peroration. But it's in his early scenes that he hints at the sort of screen personality he could have become, if Jack Warner hadn't insisted he keep playing the boy next door to the male lead.

Gipp has no interest in joining Rockne's rookies; baseball is his game. But when Rock sees him kick a football over the grandstand, he asks Gipp to try out for the team. "All right, if you insist," Reagan almost snarls. Throughout, teacher and student crack wise with each other like two newspapermen in a screwball comedy. Reagan's casual, almost flirtatious insolence is instantly attractive, and very modern for a 1940 rah-rah epic.

Reagan is just as brash, if more naive, in *Kings Row*. The film touches, daintily, on sexually possessive fathers, insane children,

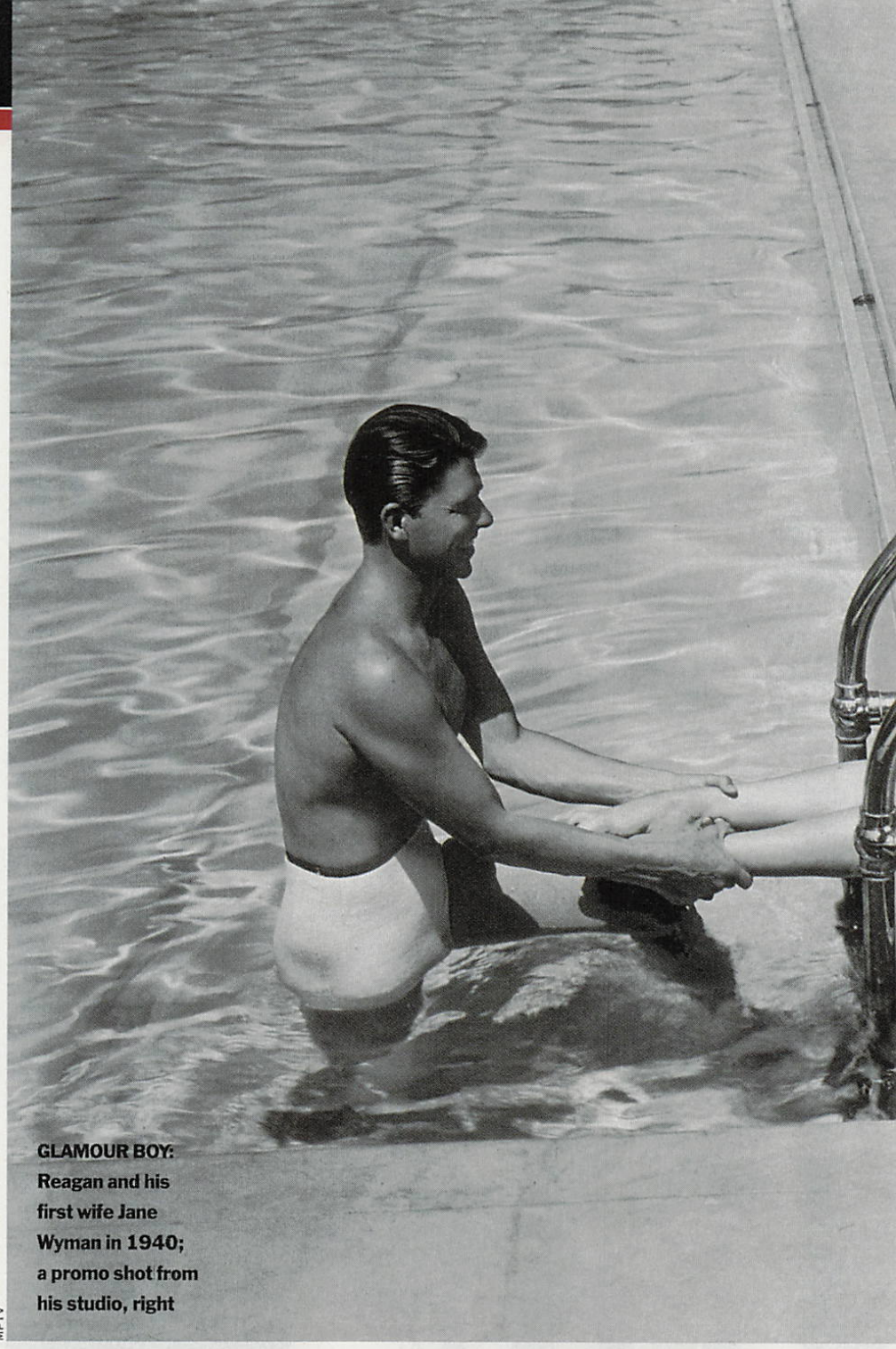
vindictive doctors, the hatred of the rich for the poor and, in the relationship of Reagan's character Drake McHugh and his friend Parris (Robert Cummings), a hint of homoeroticism. Reagan flawlessly navigates Drake's descent from rube bonhomie to maturing resolve to blackest despair, then up to a final splash of sunlight. Reagan considered the film his top accomplishment and never tired of screening it. In 1948 Wyman sued for divorce, charging extreme mental cruelty. But she had another complaint: "I just couldn't stand to watch that dismal *Kings Row* one more time."

Jack Warner had two more roles for his budding star—a migrant worker who becomes a kind of Anglo Cesar Chavez in the vigorous melodrama *Juke Girl,* and an R.A.F. pilot in *Desperate Journey,* again supporting Flynn—before Uncle Sam cast him as a stateside warrior. A natural leader, if not a natural actor, Reagan was often cast as a government enforcer and even more often as a soldier. As Stephen Vaughn observes in *Ronald Reagan in Hollywood: Movies and Politics,* "No 20th century President, with the exception of Dwight D. Eisenhower, had been seen in uniform by more people."

Captain Reagan, kept out of action because of poor vision, never saw hostile fire. Indeed, since he was assigned to the First Motion Picture Unit (jocularly given the acronym FUMPOO) at the old Hal Roach studios making propaganda films for the armed forces, he could usually bunk at home. They also serve who narrate documentaries.

Many stars, Clark Gable and Stewart among them, returned from war to reclaim their eminence. Reagan was not of their wattage, and again he had loser's luck. Bogart got the haunted-hero roles at Warner; Reagan got the scraps, like the part of a suicidal epileptic in the 1947 *Night unto Night.* After a decade, Warner still hadn't decided what genre best suited Reagan. Melodrama? Let him play a small-town D.A. in the 1951 anti–Ku Klux Klan *Storm Warning,* with another lynch-mob scene and heavy emoting from all the principals but Reagan. Comedy? Put him in *The Girl from Jones Beach* (1949), where he's an artist who has assembled the perfect pinup from the comeliest body parts of 12 models.

Virtually every male lead made westerns in the '50s, so Reagan was happily back on a horse in such ordinary oaters as *Tennessee's Partner* and *Cattle Queen of Montana.* His big hit of the decade was the silly *Bedtime for Bonzo,* a parable of cross-species adoption (Reagan and Diana Lynn try raising a chimp as a human child) in which the star spent much of his time with an animal perched in his lap or on his head. Though it gave his detractors much excuse for merriment, Reagan proclaimed himself proud of the film.

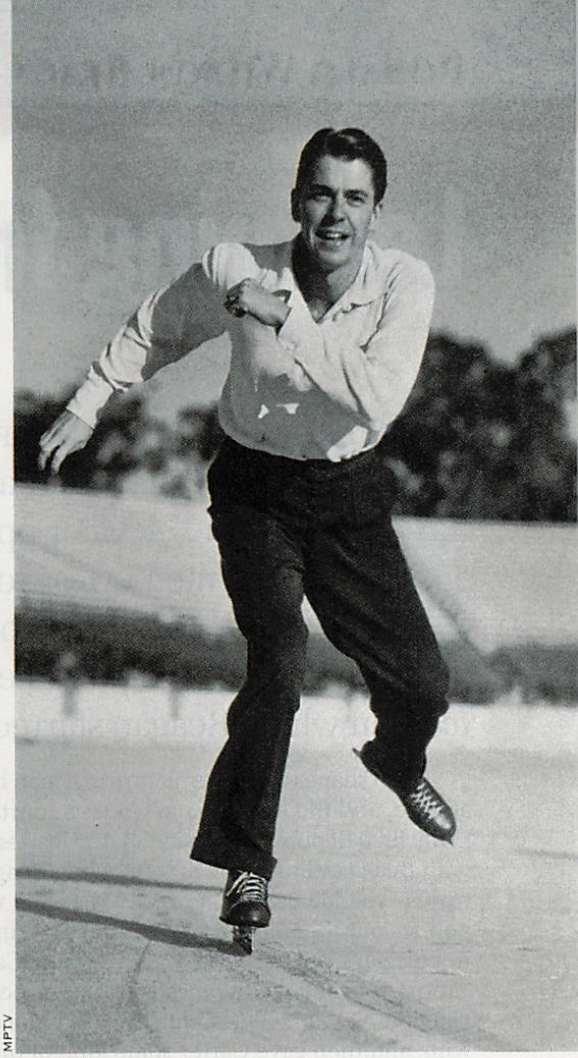


GLAMOUR BOY: Reagan and his first wife Jane Wyman in 1940; a promo shot from his studio, right

MPTV

His other signal movie of the '50s was *Hellcats of the Navy.* It is famous as the one film to co-star Reagan and his second bride Nancy Davis. In fact, Davis' role is small and she doesn't distinguish herself in it. But Reagan is impressive as a World War II naval hero with a hint of Bogart's neurotic Captain Queeg in *The Caine Mutiny.* In the attempt to discover Japanese sea lanes, submarine commander Casey Abbott makes a decision that kills 60 of his men. He is both firm in his belief that he did the greatest good for the greatest number and flooded with remorse for sending sailors he knew to an early death. The movie is unusual and mature in dramatizing the burdens of power. Reagan's face seems graven, his body made ponderous by his executive authority—an impression he rarely gave as a seemingly jaunty President.

His last film (really a TV movie released in theaters because it was deemed too rough for the small screen) was *The Killers* in 1964. It's a bit of a cheap thrill to watch Reagan play a crime heavy and do his professional best in a scene where he has to slap Angie Dickinson. *The Killers,* violent and cynical,



MPTV

Acting schooled Reagan in movie dialogue and the techniques he used so persuasively in politics

was a curious coda to Reagan's career. But, in a way, he had only been moonlighting as a movie actor ever since his Army days. He was moving into politics, graduating from Hollywood in the '40s to Sacramento in the '60s to Washington in the '80s.

Reagan served as president of the Screen Actors Guild (SAG) from 1947 to 1952. He negotiated the first contract that gave actors royalties for films but not for television work (a boon to his old friend Wasserman, who would run the largest TV production company). He also applied grease to the wheels of the anticommunist witch hunt. Reagan had been reflexively left-wing in the '30s and '40s. Edmund Morris, his authorized biographer, believes the story that Reagan had tried to join the Communist Party but was rejected on the grounds that he would be more valuable as a fellow traveler (a rumor Reagan blithely denied to Morris in 1987). By the early '50s, though, Reagan had turned firmly and forever to the right. His confidence as a speaker and SAG boss nudged him into pitchman and executive roles—first as the host of TV's *General Electric Theatre* and *Death Valley Days*, then as Governor and President.

Truth is, he was a TV actor before there was TV drama. A movie star typically projects danger and a TV star comfort and familiarity. Reagan had this domesticated appeal—bred in him, perhaps, but also hammered into him by all those roles in which he essentially played the sensible master of ceremonies to a cast of more gifted or committed actors. This steadiness, combined with a voice suggesting unforced manliness and homespun wisdom, made him a welcome, authoritative TV figure and a superb politician.

Reagan tipped Jack Warner's prophecy on its end, persuading most Americans that they were being governed by their best friend. So it is Jimmy Stewart who was the great actor. Was Ronald Reagan a great President? Well, he brilliantly played one on TV. And where's the best of him? In the easy authority he projected—the image of an American hero he rarely got to play in the movies. ■

Learning from a Master

By Hugh Sidey

"I LEARNED ABOUT PRINCIPLE, I LEARNED ABOUT KINDNESS, I LEARNED ABOUT HUMOR. Ronald Reagan was unfailingly courteous to the people around him, thoughtful to the little guy, the elevator operator, the butler at the White House." George H.W. Bush is calling up memories from his years as Reagan's political mate, Vice President and friend, a huge and profound segment of Bush's crowded adult life. Yet the only Reagan movie he could remember seeing was the football classic *Knute Rockne—All American,* in which Reagan starred as the legendary George Gipp (the Gipper) of Notre Dame.

Bush shapes a private picture of a man he learned to love and admire, and the one he finally felt comfortable calling Ron. But in the 1980 Republican presidential primaries, the two men sparred, with Bush landing a punch by labeling Reagan's supply-side nostrums "voodoo economics." And then the vagaries of high-level politics put them in harness for the big campaign. "I remember in Reagan's debate with Carter, when Carter said about me, 'Here's your man, and he calls it voodoo economics, so what are you going to do?' Reagan looks over at me and gives me this big wink and then gave Carter some kind of brush-off."

The relationship held to the end. "I told him early on that you're not going to have me out there doing my own thing, causing embarrassment, which is a great way to get news but a lousy way to be Vice President." Bush adds, "What I thought was important was the personal chemistry, that he could know that anything we discussed would be in total privacy, and I would not be out plowing my own furrow at his expense. I was not a policymaker. I was to support whatever decision he made. And not to disagree with him in debate in the Cabinet Room."

MICHAEL EVANS—ZUMA PRESS

"He looks over at me and gives me this big wink and then gave Carter some kind of brush-off."

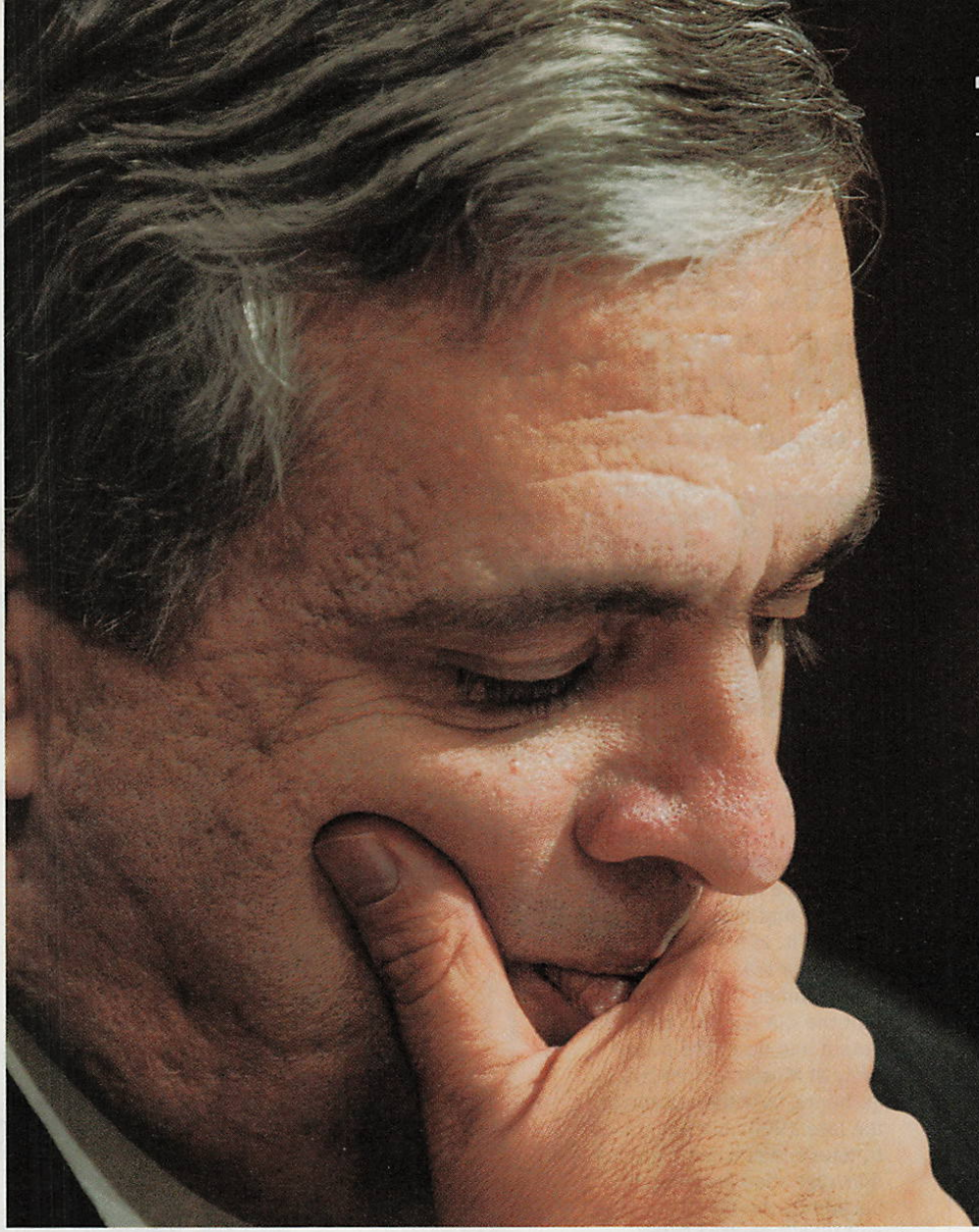
Bush had lunch with Reagan every Thursday whenever they were both in Washington. "It was a wonderful thing to look forward to, and there was never one leak out of it. We hit it off very well. I could say, 'Here's what I think is happening.' He would listen. I would say, Maybe you ought to do this to get this Senator to do that. He did not often comment on my suggestions. There was none of this 'Here's a three-point agenda, and you go out and then report back to me.' He made some tough calls, but there was always this pleasant way about him. He never had any kind of arrogance."

The Great Communicator was also a tutor. "I was in awe," says Bush. "President Reagan went to Normandy and gave those great speeches. When he came back, I asked him, 'How did you ever get through those speeches without breaking up?' He said, 'Here's what you do. You write it out yourself, and then you say it over and over again. And by doing that, it is still personal the way you say it, but you don't feel that you are apt to choke up.'"

Bush notes how Reagan's warmth and humor could reshape his positions without creating the impression of inconsistency. "He sent me off to see [Soviet President Mikhail] Gorbachev. I guess I was the first one of any authority to meet with him. I wrote out the cable of that meeting and sent it back saying this leader was different. When I got back, many people were disgusted." Nevertheless, Reagan, who had famously called the Soviet Union the "evil empire," was warming to a quiet thaw. "I don't think the President ever changed his views to 'I love communism,'" says Bush. "He had this way with people. He could say that 'I understand where you are coming from,' rather than say, 'You are right, and I have been wrong all of these years.' The next thing you know, he had a very good relationship with Gorbachev, a very personal one." At the Iceland summit, says Bush, Reagan made the rather "romantic" proposal to Gorbachev that they "get rid of all nukes," a wonderful but impossible dream then. Says Bush of his predecessor: "I never had any misgivings about his courage. I never had doubts that if push came to shove, he would do what was needed in the interest of the country." ■

OUT OF THE LINE OF FIRE

Besieged by questions about U.S. intelligence before 9/11 and the war in Iraq, CIA chief George Tenet steps down



BROOKS KRAFT—CORBIS FOR TIME

By **RICHARD LACAYO**

ON THE FIRST FLOOR OF CIA HEADquarters in Langley, Va., below the seventh-floor office of Director George Tenet, there is a hallway lined with signed photographs of all the Presidents who have served since the agency was established in 1947. The inscription from the first of them, Harry Truman, says it all: TO THE CIA, A NECESSITY TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, FROM ONE WHO KNOWS.

More than a half-century later, George W. Bush could sign a picture to the CIA with practically the same sentiment. In the world after 9/11, in which intelligence has an importance like never before, so does the CIA, and not just to the President. Nothing proved its significance like the invasion of Iraq, the first time the U.S. has gone to war largely on the basis of intelligence alone—much of it faulty, flimsy or grossly misread.

For months now the failures of U.S. intelligence have been at center stage as Congress has raked through the missteps that led to 9/11 and the misevaluation of intelligence on weapons of mass destruction (WMD) in Iraq. With Tenet and his CIA at or near the focus of every inquiry, most of Washington assumed that he would be out of a job after the election—but not before. Tenet took Washington by surprise last week. On Wednesday night, after conferring with White House chief of staff Andrew Card, he spent 45 minutes alone with Bush in the White House family quarters. What he brought to the President was his letter of resignation, effective July 11, his seventh anniversary as director.

White House officials insisted that they had no advance warning of Tenet's departure and had not pushed him out. "This was obviously not expected," said a senior Administration official. "The President was sorry to hear the news, but it was very clear that [Tenet] had made the decision." Friends say Tenet wanted to leave months ago but opted to wait until the 9/11 commission and the Senate Intelligence Committee looking into prewar intelligence had ended hearings. "I was the guy who was here for it all," he told them. "I thought it was my responsibility [to stay]."

In a tearful farewell address at CIA headquarters the next day, Tenet said the only reason he was leaving was to spend more time with his family. But no one was unaware of the reports from those two panels, both coming in the next few months, that are expected to skewer Tenet and the CIA. "Scathing" is how Senator Evan Bayh of Indiana, a member of the intelligence committee, describes its still classified draft report, although he refused to give any details. "It's going to say there were some real lapses."

It's not just the reports. For a while, the knives have been out for Tenet on all sides. Within the Bush Administration, Defense Department hawks have been insisting for years that the CIA was making timid evaluations of evidence about Saddam Hussein's weapons capability or possible ties to al-Qaeda. On the other side, critics of the war

say Tenet did not resist strongly enough the alleged pressure to provide the White House with pretexts it needed for an invasion of Iraq that it had already decided upon. It all came to a head in April with the publication of Bob Woodward's book *Plan of Attack*, which includes a scene in which Tenet lays out for the President the evidence that Saddam possessed chemical and biological weapons. "George, how confident are you?" Bush asked Tenet. "Don't worry," he answered. "It's a slam dunk."

More than a year—but no WMDs—later, those words have returned to slam-dunk Tenet. It doesn't help that the controversies over Iraq and 9/11 follow on intelligence failures stretching back almost to the beginning of Tenet's reign. In his seven years as director of Central Intelligence—only the legendary Allen Dulles served longer—Tenet revived morale at an agency devastated by post–cold war budget cuts and a sharp drop in recruitment. But he also presided over blunders that included the agency's failure to foresee in 1998 that India would test an atomic device, and the mistaken identification one year later of the Chinese embassy in Belgrade as a bombing target, an error that resulted in the deaths of three embassy staff members. The CIA also failed to foresee al-Qaeda's dual bombing in 1998 of the U.S. embassies in Tanzania and Kenya or its attack on the U.S.S. *Cole* two years later.

Once Tenet steps down, his acting successor will be Deputy Director of Intelligence John McLaughlin, a career analyst. It is a cliché to call McLaughlin unassuming and modest; it is more telling to describe him as deeply analytical and alert to the ambiguities of his trade. An amateur magician, he is especially adept at sleight of hand, a skill that helped win him the nickname "Merlin."

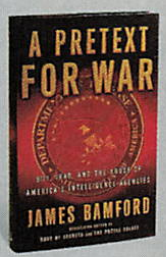
McLaughlin may need his magic powers, for one of his first challenges will be to defend the agency against attempts by the Pentagon, which already controls 90% of the roughly $40 billion the U.S. spends on intelligence annually, to take over more responsibility for gathering and analyzing intelligence. But Tenet's departure may set the stage for much larger changes. The 9/11 commission report, due out on July 26, is expected to call for the creation of a new Cabinet-level chief who would consolidate control over all the nation's disparate intelligence operations—an idea supported by Bush's rival for the White House, John Kerry, but opposed by both Tenet and Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld.

Continued on page 66

BOOK REVIEW

ONE EXPERT'S VERDICT: THE CIA CAVED UNDER PRESSURE

By **MICHAEL DUFFY** WASHINGTON

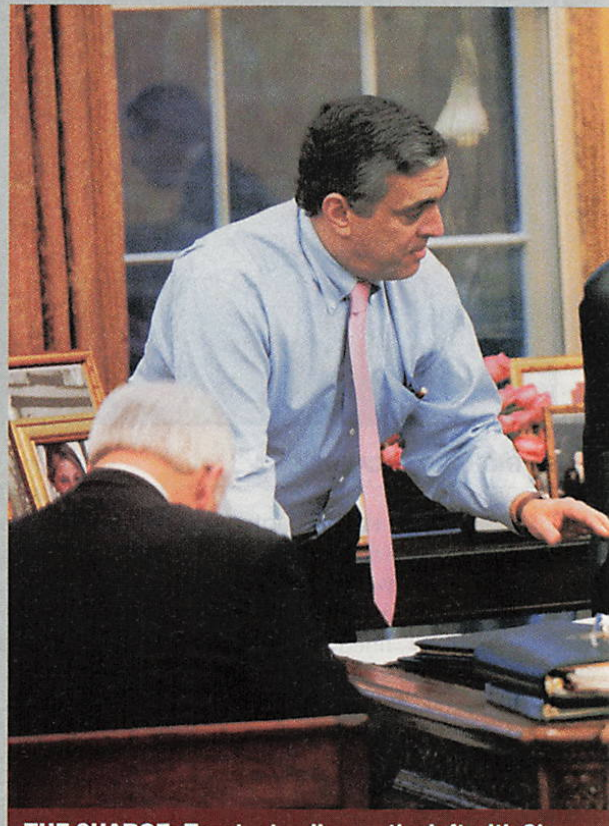


The CIA that George Tenet leaves behind next month is a shadow of its imaginary self, a butt of jokes rather than the envy of the world. It is an agency that has become self-protective and bureaucratic; it is too reliant on gadgets rather than spies to steal secrets. Sometimes the CIA has simply been too blind to see what is hiding in plain sight. Tenet restored the agency's morale, but he leaves behind a string of spectacular intelligence failures.

And that may not be the worst of it. In his new book *A Pretext for War,* intelligence expert James Bamford alleges that the CIA not only failed to detect and deter the secret army of Muslim extremists gathering over the horizon in the late 1990s but also failed to take action when a group of Administration hard-liners, backed by the Pentagon chief and Vice President Dick Cheney, began to advance the case for war with Iraq in secret using data the CIA widely believed weren't supportable or were just plain false. Instead of fighting back, Bamford argues, the CIA for the most part rolled over and went along. The result was a war sold largely on a fiction, confected from unchecked rumor and biased informants.

A Pretext for War is probably the best one-volume companion to the harrowing events in the war on terrorism since 1996, chiefly because it focuses on the most difficult to pierce subject: the hidden machinery of U.S. intelligence. Bamford is a veteran chronicler of the spy world whose *The Puzzle Palace,* published in 1982, is still considered the classic account of the mysterious National Security Agency (NSA), which electronically snoops on friends and enemies overseas. His account of 9/11 and its aftermath is studded with new details, including some about the undisclosed location known as Site R, an underground bunker on the Maryland-Pennsylvania border where the Vice President spent much of his time in 2001. Deep under Raven Rock Mountain, Site R "is a secret world of five buildings, each three stories tall, computer filled caverns and a subterranean water reservoir." It is just 7 miles from Camp David.

Bamford maintains that before 9/11, the U.S.'s entire spook network was pretty much out to lunch. It was a community that had done its job well in the cold war and was looking for a reason to exist. By the late 1990s the NSA was becoming obsolete, unable to keep up with the pace of technological change. The NSA netted millions more conversations at its worldwide listening posts than it could translate or interpret. The agency spent billions to eavesdrop on chatter overseas that moved by satellite—only to see the world move to harder-to-steal digitized



THE CHARGE: Tenet, standing on the left with Cheney,

cellular, e-mail and instant-messaging communications. Meanwhile, at the NSA's sprawling Fort Meade, Md., campus, the agency's director could not send an e-mail to all the NSA's 38,000 employees. Why? The NSA had 68 separate e-mail systems.

Things were not much better at the CIA. In a devastating chronology, Bamford reports that even as late as 2000, the agency was stuck in an old cold war way of doing things—training its agents, recruiting spies overseas and keeping headquarters happy. One agent explains that CIA recruiting overseas was about as rigorous as going to an opening-night mixer at a Las Vegas convention: American agents overseas sometimes competed with one another to see who could collect the most business cards at official receptions in foreign capitals. Then they would return to their embassy to determine the night's winner. Each card, the agents told themselves, represented a potential spy for the U.S. In fact, the agent said, "none of these people had anything useful . . . It was just numbers. It's all quantity."

ush and Andrew Card, wanted to please the boss

With tradecraft like that, it is little wonder the CIA "never once even tried to infiltrate" al-Qaeda, according to Bamford. He says agents working at the CIA's vaunted Alec station, the shop inside the agency responsible for tracking and killing Osama bin Laden, seemed more interested in flying to Afghanistan and Paris to meet with various Afghan warlords who promised to provide details of bin Laden's whereabouts in exchange for bags full of cash. Bamford asserts that the CIA's Afghan assets never came through with very much on the Saudi terrorist, but the CIA kept them on the dole anyway.

About the only thing going well was the 50-year war between the CIA and the FBI. Alec station's chiefs were so turf conscious about which agency had "the lead" in the hunt for bin Laden that they routinely left their FBI counterparts in the dark about what they were learning from overseas—a habit that turned out to be a fatal error. Sloppy surveillance permitted two of the hijackers to elude the CIA as early as January 2000, but then the agency repeatedly failed to inform the FBI or half a dozen other government officers who could have assisted in the hunt. Indeed, at the CIA, keister covering was in full swing long before the attacks of 9/11. In January 2000 the head of Alec station told his bosses he still had the two men under surveillance when in fact he had lost them in Bangkok. That bureaucratic chore completed, Alec station then dropped its chase altogether. It would be more than a year before a conscientious FBI agent assigned to the CIA re-examined the evidence and realized how badly the agency had blundered. The two names were finally given to the State Department on Aug. 23, 2001.

But the intelligence community's shaky performance also made the agency vulnerable to another kind of attack: the one mounted by a group of hard-line neoconservatives who took over at the Pentagon and in the Vice President's office when Bush became President. Long suspicious of the CIA if not openly hostile to it, the neocons came into power asserting internally that the agency couldn't shoot straight and therefore its judgments couldn't be trusted.

The Bush hard-liners had long believed that stability could come to the Middle East—and Israel—only if Saddam Hussein was overthrown and Iraq converted into a stable democracy. Led by Deputy Defense Secretary Paul Wolfowitz, they were installed at various national-security choke points in the government, and nothing moved without their O.K. Bamford comes very close to stating that the hard-liners were wittingly or unwittingly acting as agents of Israel's hard-line Likud Party, which believed Israel should operate with impunity in the region and dictate terms to its neighbors. Such a world view, Bamford argues, was simply repotted by the hard-liners into U.S. foreign policy in the early Bush years, with the war in Iraq as its ultimate goal. Bamford asserts that the backgrounds, political philosophies and experiences of many of the hard-liners helped to hardwire the pro-Israel mind-set in the Bush inner circle and suggests that Washington mistook Israel's interests for its own when it pre-emptively invaded Iraq last year.

The result was a war built on sand—and a CIA that lacked the will to take on its masters. Douglas Feith, a senior Pentagon official, set up several secret offices in the Pentagon that received data from Israel's own intelligence teams and coordinated its findings with them, partly as a way to get around CIA caution in the region. Bamford reveals that the original source of the spurious allegation that Saddam harbored "mobile biological-weapons labs" did not come from the brother of a top aide to Ahmad Chalabi whose code name was Curveball, but from an Israeli tip going back to 1994. Bamford quotes anonymous CIA agents who say that they suspected that much of the hard-liners' intelligence on weapons of mass destruction (WMD) was bogus but there was pressure from within and without to shut up about it.

Bamford implies that Tenet, the ultimate staff guy, is partly to blame for this failure of nerve. When Secretary of State Colin Powell was putting together his now discredited speech to the U.N. last year about Saddam's WMD program, he stood virtually alone against the hard-liners, National Security Adviser Condoleezza Rice and her deputy Stephen Hadley, all of whom seemed keen to pump up the Secretary's talking points. Cheney's staff handed Powell a 50-page draft of allegations; the Secretary rejected most of them as unsupportable, with the hard-liners, Rice and even Tenet fighting him every step of the way during run-through sessions at CIA headquarters. And as it turned out, Powell didn't fight hard enough.

Could Tenet have stopped the rush to war? Bamford suggests he could have. "Off on the sidelines, George Tenet was one of the few who knew the truth," he writes, adding that Tenet preferred to work behind the scenes on minor disagreements about the data "instead of speaking out" against the grand scheme. That's a harsh indictment of the man who kept America's secrets under two Presidents. But one of Tenet's colleagues was even less generous, saying simply, "We caved." ■

ERIC DRAPER—KRT/ABACA

WHO ELSE SHOULD BE ACCOUNTABLE?

Tenet came under fire for his handling of prewar intelligence, but critics contend that other top officials also bear a signficant share of the blame

THE WHITE HOUSE

DICK CHENEY

The Vice President sounded the alarm early and often that "there is no doubt" Iraq had WMD. Long after others dropped the charge, Cheney was asserting that Saddam Hussein had strong ties to al-Qaeda

I. LEWIS LIBBY

Cheney's chief of staff, "Scooter" is the neo-conservatives' man in the White House. A full member of the NSC and Bush's war cabinet, Libby pushed his boss's hard line throughout the Executive Branch

THE PENTAGON

PAUL WOLFOWITZ

Donald Rumsfeld's deputy advocated an invasion of Iraq for years and criticized CIA intel on Iraq as weak. He was a backer of Ahmad Chalabi and shared his view that Saddam needed to be ousted

WILLIAM LUTI

The Pentagon's point man on Iraq policy, Luti was a key link between Chalabi and the Defense Department. He oversaw the Office of Special Plans, which critics accuse of cherry-picking intelligence on Iraq

DOUGLAS FEITH

Luti's boss set up both the OSP and the Counter Terrorism Evaluation Group. The two outfits planned for war against Iraq and looked for links between Saddam and Osama bin Laden

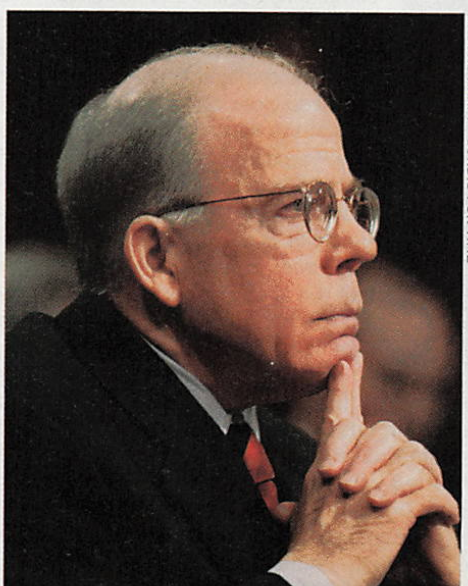
FROM LEFT: BROOKS KRAFT—CORBIS FOR TIME; ALEX WONG—GETTY; CHRIS USHER FOR TIME; DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE; TOM WILLIAMS—ROLL CALL

In intelligence circles the betting is that Bush will avoid tackling a contentious restructuring during an election year. But the Pentagon, CIA and FBI are positioning themselves to hold onto as much turf as they can in whatever reorganization may come after November. Toward that end, Rumsfeld named Stephen Cambone last year to the newly created post of Under Secretary of Defense for Intelligence. And on the same day that Bush announced Tenet's resignation, FBI Director Robert Mueller announced the creation of a directorate of intelligence within the bureau to better coordinate its intelligence activities.

That Tenet survived in his job so long is testimony to his combination of people skills and peerless political instincts. The son of Greek immigrants who owned a diner in Queens, N.Y., Tenet is a gruff, backslapping master of Washington, a man famously prone to chew an unlit cigar in meetings and schmooze with underlings at headquarters. Adept at defusing tense moments with a wisecrack, he knows how to keep both his employees and his bosses happy.

And that's what he did with his boss in the White House. From their earliest encounters, Tenet and Bush hit it off. Bush liked Tenet's unpretentious style and his gift for breaking down complex matters into digestible morsels of information. And while Tenet had difficulty getting face time with President Clinton, he presented Bush with an early-morning security briefing daily.

But Bush and Tenet also reinforced each other's shortcomings: Tenet, the overeager underling, played into Bush's need for clarity. Before going to the CIA as deputy director in 1995, Tenet had been head staff member of the same Senate Intelligence Committee that is about to issue that blistering report on his skills. There he became a specialist in two things: arms negotiations and the importance of pleasing his powerful superiors. Meanwhile, Bush, new to the complex world of intelligence, where there are always gambles but rarely unqualified answers, looked to Tenet as a guide.



BROOKS KRAFT—CORBIS FOR TIME

THE QUIET SUCCESSOR: McLaughlin is known as a studious analyst—quite unlike Tenet, the backslapping politico

It was President Clinton who brought Tenet to the CIA. When Tenet arrived, the agency was adrift. The years right after the collapse of the Soviet Union had been hard ones. With no clear adversary any longer, the CIA suffered massive budget cuts and a sharp downturn in recruitment of spies, infiltrators and informants. "When [Tenet] came in, there were literally just a handful of people being trained in clandestine service," says a senior CIA official. "Funding levels were untenable; we didn't have the support necessary for our analysts."

Tenet turned the mood around. Within the directorate of operations, which oversees human intelligence, he brought back an esprit de corps and a modicum of the adventurousness that is necessary to get useful information. "He has, through the force of his personality, boosted morale," says Steven Aftergood, a secrecy expert at the Federation of American Scientists.

At the same time, the threats the CIA faced had changed radically. The Soviet Union, its old adversary, was monolithic and dependent on conventional weaponry. Al-Qaeda was stateless and fluid, taking on expensive, high-tech American defenses with homemade devices and fanaticism. When it came to counting missile silos in Siberia, the CIA was first rate. It was far less adept at getting inside the operations, let alone the minds, of poor, isolated religious zealots around the world.

Tenet saw the danger of transnational terrorism earlier than most and established operations in Afghanistan and around the world that would make possible the post-9/11 success against al-Qaeda. In the hours after the attack, Tenet created key elements of the novel and successful plan that married CIA officers and agents on the ground in Afghanistan with special-forces soldiers and the Northern Alliance. "There's no question the CIA, as a result of prior experience there, brought a lot of knowledge not just to me, but to the whole war council early on," said Bush in late 2001 in an interview with TIME. "They were very impressive: impressive in their briefing; impressive in their knowledge."

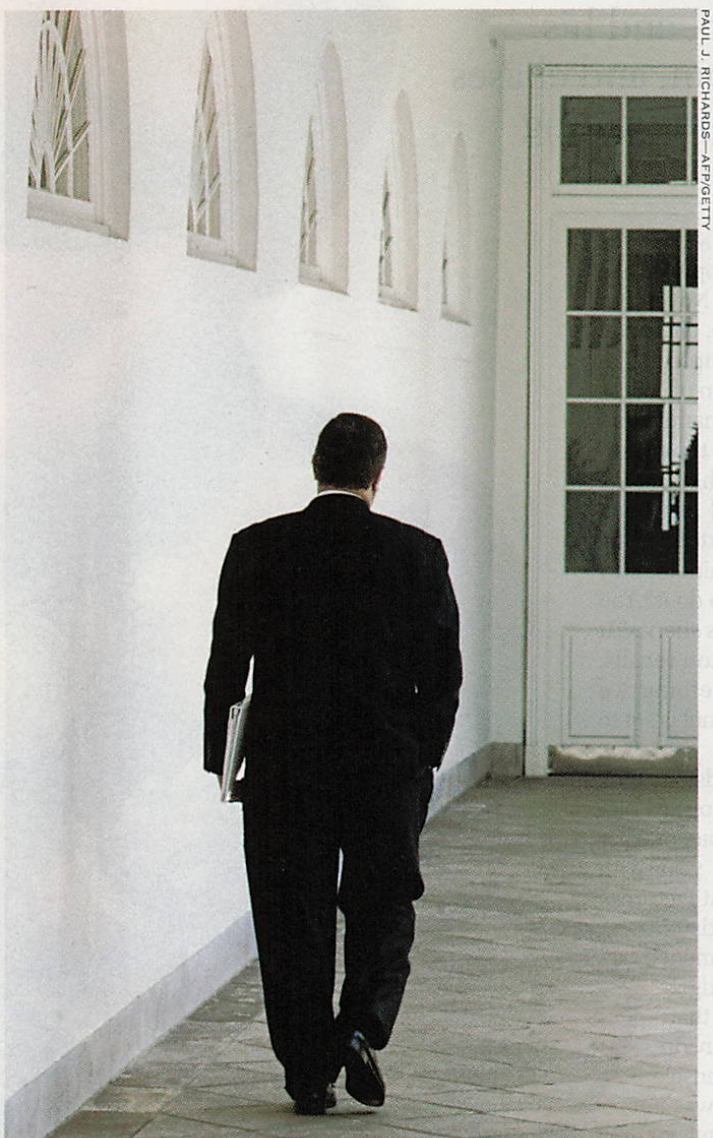
All the same, things changed with the CIA's handling of prewar intelligence in Iraq. At the time, Tenet was constantly defending his agency against attacks by Defense Department hawks like Douglas Feith, a Pentagon under secretary who established a small operation that re-examined intelligence reports, some of them from the now discredited Iraqi exile leader Ahmad Chalabi, a Pentagon favorite whom the CIA deeply distrusted. Feith's purpose was to look more aggressively for any sign of links between Saddam and al-Qaeda.

That was a connection that Tenet never ceased to doubt. He was stunned to discover later that without his knowledge, Feith's group had briefed senior aides in the National Security Council and Vice President Dick Cheney's office, all the while disparaging the quality of CIA intelligence and analysis. But when it came to WMD, Tenet felt comfortable offering assessments to Bush that were more incriminating for Saddam. (So comfortable that before the war Tenet even made a closed-door appearance before the Senate Intelligence Committee in which he was asked if he would stake his life on the existence of WMD in Iraq. According to a U.S. official familiar with the matter, he said he would.) It was the CIA that provided the information that two trailers found in Iraq were probably mobile biological-weapons laboratories and that aluminum tubes discovered there were likely to have been centrifuges for enriching uranium. Both claims found their way into Colin Powell's February 2003 presentation before the United Nations of the intelligence case against Iraq. One year later, in a speech at Georgetown University, Tenet admitted to doubts on both claims.

When Powell was asked by Bush to make the case for war at the U.N., he insisted that Tenet sit directly behind him there so that the CIA's credibility was visibly on the line. After the first phase of the war ended and it became clear that weapons inspectors might come up empty handed, Powell blamed Tenet personally for providing him with exaggerated assessments. By that time, Powell had also witnessed the debacle surrounding the claims that Iraq had sought to buy uranium from Niger, an assertion that made it into Bush's State of the Union address in January 2003. By June it was plain that the claim was based on intelligence that the CIA should have known was highly suspect. On June 7, National Security Adviser Condoleezza Rice asked Powell to make appearances on the Sunday-morning talk shows defending the CIA. During a conference call with more than half a dozen Administration officials, he refused. "I'm not gonna do it," said Powell, according to a source who was in on the call. "I don't trust the information coming out of the agency."

The next morning, Rice went on the shows and claimed that while some junior CIA officers may have been concerned about the validity of the uranium allegations, they never informed anyone in the White House. What followed were days in which the CIA and Rice's office were engaged in a finger-pointing exercise about who should have scrubbed the line from the President's speech before he gave it. Eventually, Deputy National Security Adviser Stephen Hadley had to acknowledge that the CIA had sent him memos outlining the agency's concerns about the uranium claim.

But at the news of Tenet's resignation last week, Rice showed no sign of old rancor. "It's really a great loss," she said Thursday aboard Air Force One. "I'm personally very sad because this has been a great team and it's worked through a lot of really hard issues." The hardest issue may be the one still to come—how to form an intelligence system that can extract high-quality information and analyze it without bowing to anyone's preconceptions. "If any future President asks my advice," Bush told TIME three years ago, "my advice is get to know your CIA director and make sure the CIA director is an integral part of a national security team." For a while Bush certainly did that with Tenet. Whether he did it in a way that served the national interest is another question. —***Reported by Timothy J. Burger, Massimo Calabresi, James Carney, John F. Dickerson, Elaine Shannon and Mark Thompson/Washington***



PAUL J. RICHARDS—AFP/GETTY

LOYAL SERVANT: Tenet, shown here at the White House, had little time with Clinton—but gave Bush daily briefings

THE LION IN SUMNER

Sumner Redstone reasserts his passion for risk—and his authority—at Viacom, and chases away another CEO-in-waiting

By DANIEL KADLEC

EXECUTIVES AT THE MTV NETWORKS stood and roared their approval at a budget meeting last November when Sumner Redstone, chairman and CEO of parent company Viacom, pledged $30 million of corporate cash to launch Logo, a gay channel that the MTV brass had regarded as a top priority. Under Viacom president and heir apparent Mel Karmazin, the channel had been delayed. But at this meeting, attended by Karmazin, Redstone openly said to MTV chief Tom Freston, "You want to do it? You have the money." Karmazin was silent. "It was a dramatic moment," Freston recalls. "All of a sudden, we got something we hadn't expected." The new channel is set to debut early next year.

This wasn't the only time Redstone took the lead in orchestrating a shift toward bigger risks on the content side of Viacom's media empire. At a meeting this year with executives at Viacom's Paramount Pictures, with Karmazin present, Redstone stunned his team with a commitment to bankroll more of the big-budget films that studio heads love but that Karmazin loved to avoid. The divide over how far to wade into expensive movies and risky programming was not gaping. Karmazin says he was eager, for example, to launch the gay network. But things weren't moving fast enough for Redstone. Ultimately, Karmazin realized he

Illustration for TIME by Thomas Reis

would never really run the company, and he last week announced his resignation.

Redstone, 81, was quick to promote to co-president both Freston, 58, and Leslie Moonves, 54, who ran CBS, filling the vacancy left by Karmazin, 60. Redstone said he would finally call it quits within three years, setting up a horse race for the top job at Viacom, à la GE after Jack Welch retired in 2001. Critical to Redstone, Freston and Moonves are dyed-in-the-wool content guys. Freston, a free-spirited music lover who has served on the board of the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, engineered the phenomenal success of MTV. Moonves, a hard-charging executive, has turned CBS Television into the top-rated network. Left out was Jonathan Dolgen, 59, chairman of Viacom Entertainment Group, who resigned a day after Karmazin. "My emphasis is on creativity," Redstone tells TIME. "You have to invest and not just be concerned with the next quarter."

Reports of sniping between Karmazin and Redstone began surfacing almost immediately after the media titans joined forces with the merger of CBS and Viacom in 2000. Even Karmazin's new contract, signed just last year, didn't put an end to constant rumors of feuding. But in contrast to Redstone's creative leanings, Karmazin's focus was on running a lean operation, and by last month Karmazin had evidently tired of Redstone's upstaging him. Karmazin denies any material conflicts and says he resigned because "there was too much about Mel and Sumner, and I didn't think it would go away." He says he was concerned that press scrutiny of their relationship was hurting the company's stock price.

Karmazin's departure wasn't the blow it once would have been. One analyst rushed out a report titled "Mel Who?", and the stock barely budged. Just a few years ago, Karmazin was a Wall Street darling, highly prized as a tough, budget-minded operator who could make the free-spending creative forces at Viacom toe the line. But his star faded as Viacom consistently fell short of financial targets.

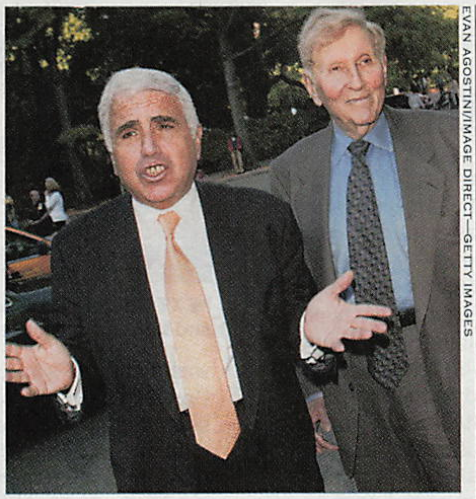
Making matters worse, some of the most glaring problems have been at Viacom's Infinity Broadcasting division, which features radio stars Howard Stern and Don Imus. Karmazin built Infinity through deft dealing in the 1980s, before merging the company with CBS. So beholden to Karmazin is Stern that on his program, he promised to follow Karmazin out the door, and his website has a clock counting down the 19 months remaining on his contract. Karmazin had become vulnerable because of lackluster results at his prized Infinity, where profits rose a tepid 5% last quarter—embarrassing next to gains of 24% at Freston's MTV Networks and 38% at Moonves' broadcast-television division. By the time Redstone and the board got around to serious succession planning early this year, Karmazin's standing had slipped. Indeed, Redstone had been snubbing him for months—even deriding him in front of other executives. At a media conference in March, Redstone "pretty much ignored mentioning Mel," says Dennis Leibowitz, a partner at Act II Partners, a hedge fund.

As the relationship deteriorated, Karmazin was overruled on a series of decisions. He opposed Viacom's initiating a dividend; Redstone wanted the company to pay one. Karmazin reportedly wanted to keep the Blockbuster video chain (he tells TIME it was a board decision and out of his jurisdiction); Redstone wanted to spin it off to shareholders. To no one's great surprise, Redstone, the son of a linoleum salesman, who built a national theater chain and used it in 1987 to buy Viacom (then a simple cable company with a handful of channels), got his way on both counts.

Since acquiring Viacom, Redstone has expanded it into a collection of high-profile assets, including the UPN television networks and such cable channels as BET, Nickelodeon and Showtime, in addition to radio, outdoor advertising, theme parks, Simon & Schuster, CBS and MTV. The firm had net income of $1.4 billion last year on revenue of $26.6 billion. Redstone owns 11% of it all, but through his Class A voting shares controls 71% of the shareholder vote. "I tend to do better," Karmazin tells TIME, "when I am the CEO of a public company reporting to an independent board. Viacom will always be controlled by ... Sumner Redstone."

Which adds an unusual dimension to the Freston-Moonves bake-off. Will the winner really win? The two contenders are close friends and vacationed together last year in Brazil. They're also friendly with Redstone, often dining with the boss. That's something Karmazin rarely did, which grated on Redstone, who values a family culture at work. Both Freston and Moonves say they're thinking not about who will get the top job but about how to move Viacom forward. "It's about creative energy and vision," says Moonves. "We have very little ego about sharing the turf."

Yet the two have dramatically different styles. Moonves is a tough executive who



EVAN AGOSTINI/IMAGE DIRECT—GETTY IMAGES

ODD COUPLE Karmazin, left, and Redstone, showing up for a CBS party in New York City two years ago, rarely appeared in public together

THE NEW HEIRS APPARENT?

Leslie Moonves

Head of CBS and UPN, he is also taking charge of radio, Paramount TV and the outdoor-advertising business

BROADCAST TV
The top-rated network, CBS is thriving with hits like *CSI;* youth-oriented UPN should post strong ad gains

RADIO
Infinity Broadcasting owns and operates 185 stations and employs marquee jocks like **Howard Stern,** left, and **Don Imus,** but it has been a drag on profit growth, and because the radio empire was closely associated with Karmazin, the poor results there rendered the would-be CEO vulnerable

Tom Freston

Chief of MTV, he built the brand into a global empire, and will now oversee movies and publishing too

CABLE NETWORKS
The fastest-growing division, it includes BET, Comedy Central, MTV, Nickelodeon and Showtime; Freston plans to launch the nation's first channel aimed at gays and lesbians next year

MOVIES
Paramount Pictures is a turnaround project for Freston; some of its smaller movies like *Mean Girls,* above, have fared well, but Redstone wants the blockbuster gold

MOONVES: MISHA ERWITT—POLARIS; FRESTON: PASCAL GUYOT/AFP—GETTY IMAGES; MEAN GIRLS: MICHAEL GIBSON—PARAMOUNT PICTURES; IMUS: TERRY DOYLE—CORBIS OUTLINE; STERN: JEFF ZELEVANSKY—AP

ALL IN THE FAMILY

Are Fiat's Kids Up to the Job?

Within days of the death in late May of Umberto Agnelli, the patriarch of one of Italy's leading business families, Giuseppe Morchio made his move. As mourners continued to pay their last respects, the chief executive of the Fiat auto and truck company that is the core of the Agnelli family fortune demanded to be given Umberto's title of chairman as well.

To the family, it seemed like a blatant power grab, and when its members replied, *"No, grazie,"* he quit in a huff. The top job went instead to Luca Cordero di Montezemolo, the head of Ferrari and a family intimate for three decades. Two young Agnelli cousins were elevated too. John Elkann, 28, was appointed Fiat deputy chairman, and his cousin Andrea Agnelli, also 28, joined the board. Another long-standing Agnelli manager was quickly named CEO. "The family moved very fast," says a person close to the Agnellis. "Morchio was a bit Napoleonic. The new men are more into team building."

It all marks a rite of passage, with the longer-term fate and fortune of the fabled Italian family, worth some $2 billion, now resting on the shoulders of three members of the next generation. Elkann and his younger brother Lapo are grandsons of Giovanni Agnelli, and Andrea is Umberto's son by his second marriage. The family's line of succession was disrupted when Umberto's eldest son, long seen as the heir apparent, died of cancer in 1997—and Giovanni's son committed suicide in 2000. The three cousins have limited business experience.

TONY GENTILE—REUTERS

NEXT UP: John Elkann, left, and Luca C. di Montezemolo

Elkann has been telling friends that he will learn on the job from Montezemolo. The succession shuffle comes at a difficult time at Fiat, which has lost $7.5 billion in the past two years. The Agnellis control diverse assets, but the prize—and the site of the problems—is Fiat, 30% of which the family owns. Morchio had put in place a tough turnaround plan designed to rescue the automaker. The fourth CEO in two years, Morchio was negotiating with General Motors over an option to sell Fiat to GM that was signed in 2000.

Elkann, known as Jaki, was singled out as a possible successor by his grandfather, who put him on Fiat's board in 1997. So far he has deliberately kept out of the spotlight. Lapo, 27, who works in Fiat's marketing department, frequently appears in the gossip columns, not least because he's dating a TV starlet. Andrea currently works for Philip Morris. Family members say all three will play leadership roles. The question is, How successfully can the Agnellis manage the troubled empire while the youngsters are learning the ropes? ***—By Peter Gumbel. With reporting by Aatish Taseer/London***

RECOVERY? Fiat's fortunes rest on cars like the Panda

FIAT/BLOOMBERG

wears his competitive drive on his sleeve. Redstone, he tells TIME, is "very competitive and likes to be the best at every business, and so do I. 'You have a fire in your belly,' he has told me. And I take that as a compliment." Freston, who once ran a clothing business in India and Afghanistan, is also a brilliant manager who sometimes appears less interested in getting the top job. "At corporate events, I usually find him in the mosh pit instead of the VIP tent," says a media executive who knows him. But former Viacom president Frank Biondi predicts that Freston "will quicken to the chase."

No matter who emerges as Redstone's favorite, he may have to compete with a third candidate. Last month Redstone's daughter Shari, 50, a board member who stands to inherit her dad's stake in Viacom, said she intended to take a larger role on the board. Redstone insists that Shari will never have an "executive or operational role." Others aren't so sure. "My guess is she resurfaces in a key role," says Porter Bibb, a banker at Media Tech Capital.

For his troubles, Karmazin walks away from Viacom with stock and options valued at $250 million. What riles some shareholder groups is that Karmazin, in addition, will get the full value of his full-term contract: $30 million. "We took a hard look at the contract and felt the language was pretty broad, and decided we just didn't want to go there," referring to a severance dispute, says David McLaughlin, chairman of Viacom's governance committee.

The shake-up leaves many questions unanswered. How much will Viacom risk on new content? Redstone says many new cable projects are under way and Paramount is open to making $100 million movies. "We will not be profligate," he says. "They must make sense." Still, the studio has bombed recently with lower-cost movies like *Beyond Borders* and *Paycheck*. Megabudget flops would be a disaster. Karmazin's future is also the subject of hot gossip. He wants to be a boss, soon. But there are no big media CEO slots open, and one of the choicest, the job held by Disney's embattled chief, Michael Eisner, isn't coming up for grabs so long as Eisner has support from his board. But bankers would gladly bankroll Karmazin should he decide to build another radio empire, possibly starting with the underperforming Infinity stations that Redstone says he'll dump.

Viacom's king of content has had a hard time with likely successors in the past. Before Karmazin, there was Biondi, whom Redstone fired over a clash in management style. This time Redstone says he really will leave the stage. But many believe the dual heirs apparent might want to keep their options open. ***—With reporting by Daren Fonda/New York and Jeannie McDowell, Desa Philadelphia and Sonja Steptoe/Los Angeles***

KARMAZIN'S DEPARTURE WASN'T THE BLOW IT ONCE WOULD HAVE BEEN

EVERY DAY ABOVE GROUND IS A GOOD ONE
SIX FEET UNDER
THE DEARLY BELOVED SERIES RETURNS JUNE 13 AT 9PM/8C
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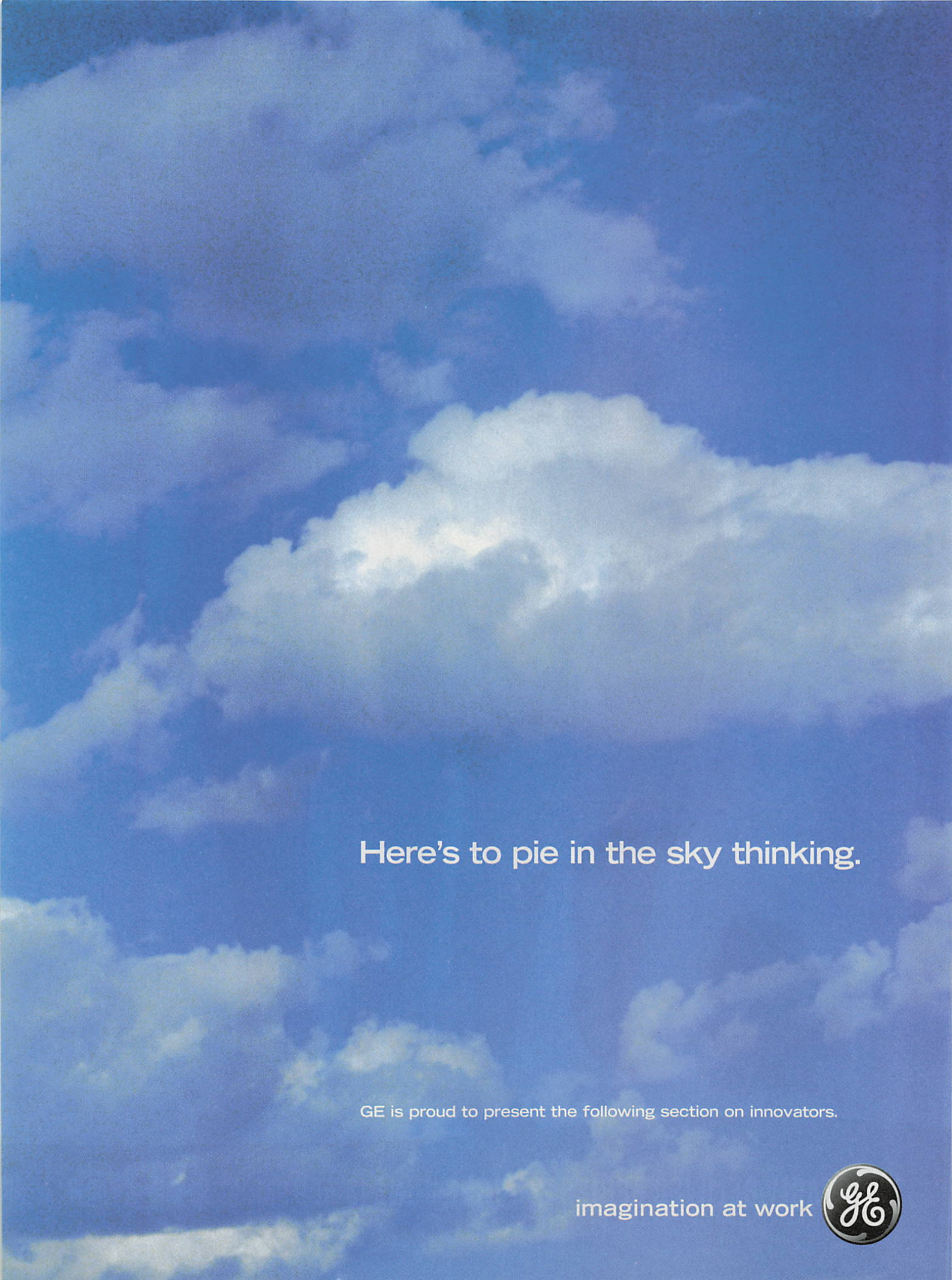
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imagination at work

These visionaries are making robots that can perform music, rescue disaster victims and even explore other planets on their own

Rise of the Machines

MICHAEL GRECCO FOR TIME

AYANNA HOWARD
The engineer sits beside SmartNav, her prototype for an autonomous Mars rover, on a set of the Red Planet at NASA's Jet Propulsion Laboratory in California

THE BIONIC ENGINEER

DRIVING SCHOOL ON MARS

TELEVISION CRITICS WILL TELL you that *The Bionic Woman* was just another cheesy '70s sci-fi series, but for Ayanna Howard it was a springboard to a career. When she was 12 years old, she became so captivated by the show's cyborg premise that she started reading books that reaffirmed the concept of integrating machines with humans. A thousand reruns and an electrical-engineering Ph.D. later, she's creating robots that think like humans for NASA's Jet Propulsion Laboratory. "*The Bionic Woman* showed real, brilliant people giving life through bionics," says Howard, now 32. "I figured I could do it too." After detouring from artificial limbs to artificial intelligence, Howard is currently developing software that will enable J.P.L.'s forthcoming Mars probes to choose their landing sites and navigate the Martian surface by mimicking the way a human might handle the job. Her "neural network" reacts the same way humans do when facing rugged terrain, avoiding steep grades and accelerating through straightaways.

(Open gatefold to continue)

(Continued from previous page)

"People always look for the straightest, clearest path, so that's what we map to the robot," she says. The early result is SmartNav, a rover the size of a lawn mower that is controlled by a neural network capable of distinguishing sand, concrete and gravel. On Mars, such networks could keep rovers exploring rather than waiting for instructions.

Howard has always been clear about her own path. Her parents ran a company in Pasadena, Calif., that engineered railroad-signal components. Their work inspired her to learn to solder and familiarize herself with machine parts. Three years ago, hoping to encourage others to follow in her footsteps, Howard launched a math-and-science mentoring program for at-risk junior high school girls. Fighting cultural pressures takes time; one talented math student told Howard she planned to be a hair stylist. Still, Howard hopes the program will help steer more young women into robotics, a field she says that within a decade will produce robots that mimic human thought processes. "This isn't about mechanics," says Howard. "It's about creating something new, something like us but different—something that can live." ***—By Dan Cray***

JASON GROW FOR TIME

THE SWARM KEEPER

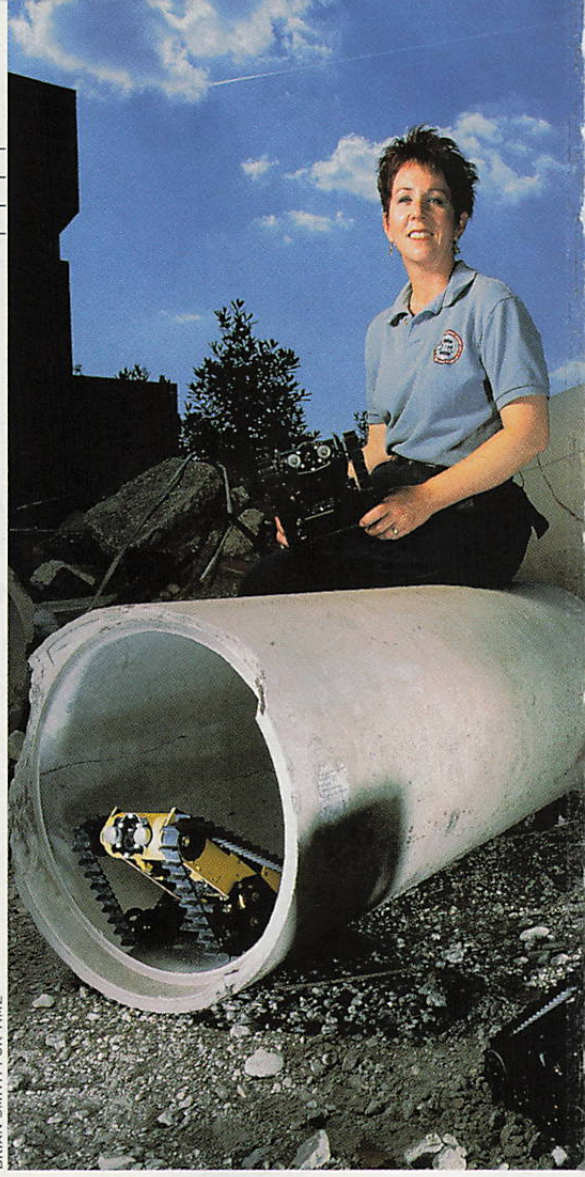
Metal Insects On Wheels

When James McLurkin was a high school junior on Long Island, N.Y., he built his first robot: a toy car that he rigged with a keypad, an LED display and a squirt gun. Then he programmed the unit to travel to the next room and "engage the target." His parents—the target in question—got a good soaking.

McLurkin, 32, has come a long way since that first machine. Now a graduate student in computer science at M.I.T., the young scientist is on the forefront of developing "swarmbots"—packs of dozens of small robots that communicate with one another and work in harmony to complete an assignment. They have no centralized command system and can cover vast terrain; if one is destroyed, others fill in. His 112 titanium robots resemble small car batteries on wheels. McLurkin is working with a team at iRobot, a private Boston-based robotics firm, to find practical uses for his fleet of 4-in.-high units. McLurkin envisions that his swarm could map terrain on Mars or search for survivors in the aftermath of an earth-

JAMES MCLURKIN

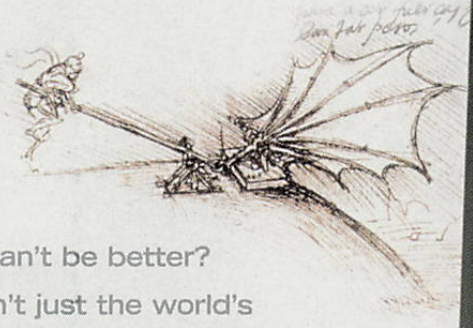
The M.I.T. grad student is busy testing his "swarmbots," mini-robots that work together to finish a task. "There are two robots on Mars," he says. "What if we had 2,000?"



BRIAN SMITH FOR TIME

quake. "If you want to know what's inside a cave, you can send in an Army Ranger—or an army of robots," he says of his fleet's lifesaving potential. Rodney Brooks, director of M.I.T.'s artificial-intelligence lab, says the scope of McLurkin's work is remarkable. "A lot of us have worked on insect-robot things," he says, "but James has taken the technology farther than anyone else." Indeed, last year McLurkin won the prestigious Lemelson-M.I.T. prize for inventiveness and creativity.

McLurkin's machines were inspired by nature. As an undergraduate at M.I.T., he became interested in ants and kept a terrarium full of them on his desk. The decentralized nature of ant colonies gave him a model for his robots. "I worked on the notion of using virtual pheromones [the biochemical scents that some animals use to communicate]," he says. "As one robot gathers knowledge, it spreads it to its neighbors, and they spread it to their neighbors." Despite his success, McLurkin still gets a high-schoolish kick out of playing with his robots. Attendees at an iRobot holiday party two years ago were treated to the sounds of the first ever swarm orchestra. McLurkin had programmed the robots to arrange themselves into different instrument sections and play Christmas carols. What could be next? "A swarm marching band," he chuckles. "They'll play American standards." —***By Carolina A. Miranda***



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imagination at work

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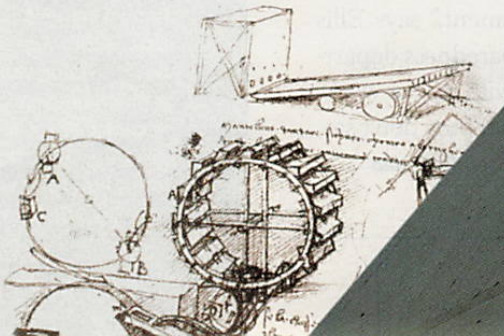


RESCUER BY REMOTE

NEED HELP? SEND IN THE ROBOT

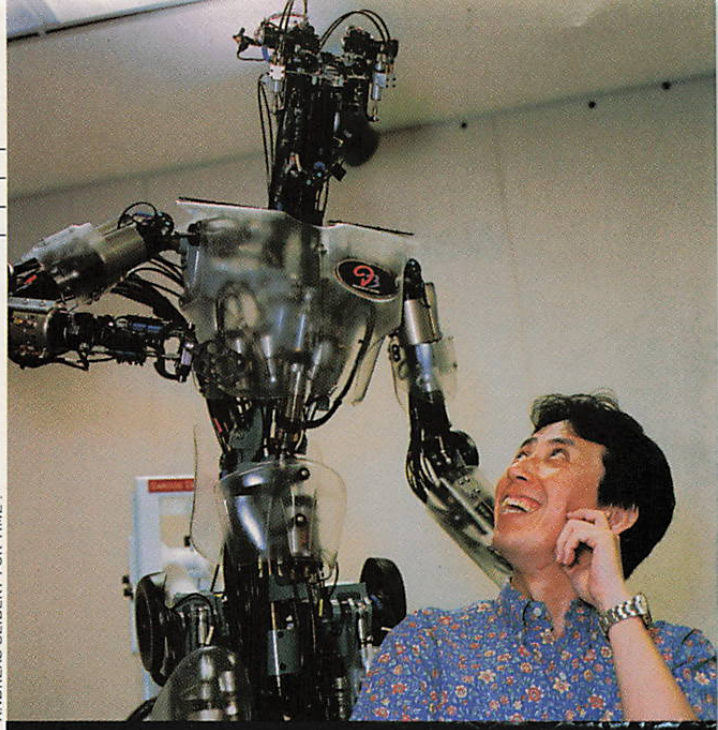
WITHIN 24 HOURS OF THE 9/11 attacks on the World Trade Center, Robin Murphy was on the scene with a team of robots to help sort through the debris. It was the first real-world test of the Center for Robot-Assisted Search and Rescue in Tampa, Fla., the only unit of its kind on the planet. Rescue workers at ground zero, accustomed to using trained dogs and cameras mounted on poles to look for survivors and human remains and test for structural weaknesses, soon saw the advantage of cyberhelpers. "Search cams typically penetrate only 18 ft., and the heat was melting the heads off some of them," says Murphy, 46, a professor of computer science and engineering at the University of South Florida. "Our robots are able to go 60 ft. through rubble that's still on fire."

ROBIN MURPHY

After the 9/11 terrorist attacks, Murphy used her robots and expertise to assist the search for bodies and survivors at ground zero. Here she is seen with her team of research and rescue robots at a test site in Florida

Murphy, who has a Ph.D. in robotics from Georgia Tech, saw an opportunity to focus her research when one of her students returned from working in the search-and-rescue operation at the Oklahoma City bombing site in 1995. "Everybody says robots can save lives and make the world a better place," she notes. "It was clear then that it was time to put up or shut up." Her work led to the first robots built specifically for the task, to be released in the next year by American Standard Robotics and the Northrop Grumman subsidiary Remotec. The robots are expected to be able to gather data by themselves so that operators can focus on the emergency at hand.

"It's one thing to develop these tools and another thing to integrate them into the world of fire and law enforcement," says Ellis Stanley, director of the Los Angeles emergency preparedness department. "Robin is working to establish a relationship with rescue workers so that when the technology arrives on the scene, they don't say, 'What is this?' They say, 'Let's get to work.'" *—By Wilson Rothman*



ANDREAS SEIBERT FOR TIME

THE MIMIC MAKER

The Android Who Learned To Dance

Mitsuo Kawato is fascinated with the brain—so he helped build one. The biophysics engineer and computer researcher led a team at the Advanced Telecommunications Research Institute International in Kyoto, Japan, that spent five years constructing a humanoid equipped with artificial intelligence. Completed in 2001, the 6-ft. 2-in., 175-lb. robot was named Dynamic Brain, or DB for short. Says Kawato: "We built an artificial brain hoping that it'll help us understand the real one." DB doesn't have the friendly exterior of its cute entertainment-robot cousins. Its face is composed of just "eyes," made of two telescopic, wide-angle lenses, and its body is a bundle of metal and cables, thinly veiled by a translucent armor. But what makes DB special is its ability to learn new skills by mimesis, or mimicry. To understand how the human brain integrates sensory information and motor control, Kawato gave DB a dexterous body with functioning eyes, neck, torso, arms and legs. DB can watch a dance demonstration, memorize the movement pattern and replicate it by moving its body. So far, the robot has acquired about 30 skills, including juggling, air hockey, yo-yoing, folk dancing and playing the drum. Kawato is calling for a 30-year national project that would combine government money, academic research and corporate know-how to build a humanoid with the intelligence and the physical ability of a 5-year-old. He calls the proposal the Atom Project—after the Japanese name for the comic-book robot superhero known in the U.S. as Astro Boy. "Atom was abandoned by its creator, who built it to replace his dead son, because it was incapable of growing," Kawato notes. "We know how to make our Atom learn." *—By Toko Sekiguchi*

MITSUO KAWATO

"If we're trying to create artificial intelligence that's close to humans," he says, "then the mechanical brain must have a mechanical body."

Gyms Go Gourmet

Forget about smoothies and energy bars. Health clubs are now wooing members with fancy cuisine

By JEREMY CAPLAN

WHILE MEMBERS AT THE ALASKA Club East, a 108,000-sq.-ft. health club in Anchorage, pound treadmills and pump weights, the kitchen staff at the facility's restaurant is getting a workout of its own. Baker Bil Hess hustles fresh strawberry-carob cookies out of the oven, replacing them with a sugar-free carrot cake. Nearby, chef Vicki Carter grills cuts of wild boar, reindeer hot dogs and other local game. Carter and her crew make about 150 health-conscious but palate-pleasing meals a day. "We serve people in swimsuits next to others in work suits," says Carter. "It's wonderful cooking where people care so much about what they eat."

The Alaska Club is one of thousands of fitness centers that now employ professional chefs who have moved gym food from granola and smoothies to gourmet cuisine. As gyms compete for customers, these in-house restaurants are being seen as amenities that can keep members happy as well as healthy. Since 1992, the number of health clubs with restaurants has nearly doubled, and 11% of the 25,300 clubs in the U.S. have sit-down dining facilities. Many of these upscale food operations have become income generators. John Marchetti, the Alaska Club's business manager, says that since his club upgraded its restaurant last September, it has attracted 150 new members.

Members old and new seem to appreciate the fancier fare. On a recent Friday, Elise Samuelson, 35, of Anchorage, finished her 40-min. lunch-break workout and then sat down for a lean buffalo burger before heading back to her accounting office. "I like that I can go right in, all sweaty, and eat a nice lunch, not just a salad," says Samuelson. Similarly, Tad Thornton, 26, has made eating at the Lakeshore Athletic Club in Broomfield, Colo., part of his routine. After his swimming and spinning workouts, he ducks into the club's new restaurant for meals like pesto pizza fresh out of chef Marilyn Kretsinger's wood hearth. "I eat here pretty much daily," says Thornton, who is training for his first triathlon. "It's nice having a homemade meal close by when your muscles are depleted."

FIT FOOD: The restaurant at the Michigan Athletic Club overlooks the basketball court

BRIDGET BARRETT FOR TIME

EAT AND RUN: At New York's Sports Club/LA, chefs offer scallops with a passion-fruit glaze

ANDREW GARN FOR TIME (2)

Eating well after a workout may be more than just a matter of convenience. "There are great physiological benefits to eating within the first half an hour after you've exercised," says Amy Lanou, nutrition director for the Physicians Committee for Responsible Medicine. "You're replenishing your water, carbohydrates and protein right when that's most essential."

Atkins-friendly, low-carb meals are the bread and butter (so to speak) of most new club restaurants. Ethnic cuisine is catching on too. Typhoon, inside Chicago's Lake Shore Athletic Club, has become such a popular sushi spot that it does great business with both club members and guests who walk in off the street. With a menu that includes healthy versions of such Louisiana favorites as spicy crawfish and Cajun-style gumbo, chef Marc Gilberti serves about 200 diners a day at the Elmwood Fitness Center in New Orleans, earning $100,000 a month for his club. Like many other new health-club chefs, Gilberti, who built his reputation in the kitchens of some of the city's top restaurants, also holds a monthly cooking class at the gym, teaching members how to use whole-wheat grains, cut back on carbs and splurge with fruits to maintain their healthy eating habits at home.

Despite the heightened attention to nutrition, gym menus aren't always ascetic. The Michigan Athletic Club in East Lansing, for example, serves an array of wines alongside such dishes as special reduced-calorie chicken saltimbocca, with skim milk substituting for the sauce's traditional heavy cream. And the Sports Club/LA in New York City serves desserts like fudgy fruit fondue. Still, some sacrifice is required. Mario Oliver, who opened Oliver, a chic restaurant at the Sports Club/LA in Beverly Hills, Calif., in February, laments that gym entrées can't be quite as rich as the French dishes he grew up with in Paris. "When I go out, I want to taste a little salt, sugar, have a platter of cheese and charcuterie ..." he says, trailing off as he recalls feasts of yore. Few of those fatty foods make the cut at his restaurant, but Oliver couldn't resist putting a rich chocolate mousse on the menu. Will gym rats splurge as a post-workout reward? Says Oliver with a shrug: "It's an experiment." ■

THE BEAUTY OF

DON'T BELIEVE THOSE SCURRILOUS RUMORS THAT THEY'RE GROWING UP. THE REIGNING COURT JESTERS OF RAP ARE BACK AGAIN, JUST FOR THE FUN OF IT

By JOSH TYRANGIEL

ADAM YAUCH—ONE-THIRD OF THE BEASTIE BOYS—will turn 40 in August. In rap years, 40 is 400. That leads to an obvious question that Yauch, in his ancient wisdom, anticipates: "Is it awkward being onstage with a walker? The answer is yes. Yes, it is," he says with a nod of his silver head. "The walker gets caught up in the wires. It can be very dangerous."

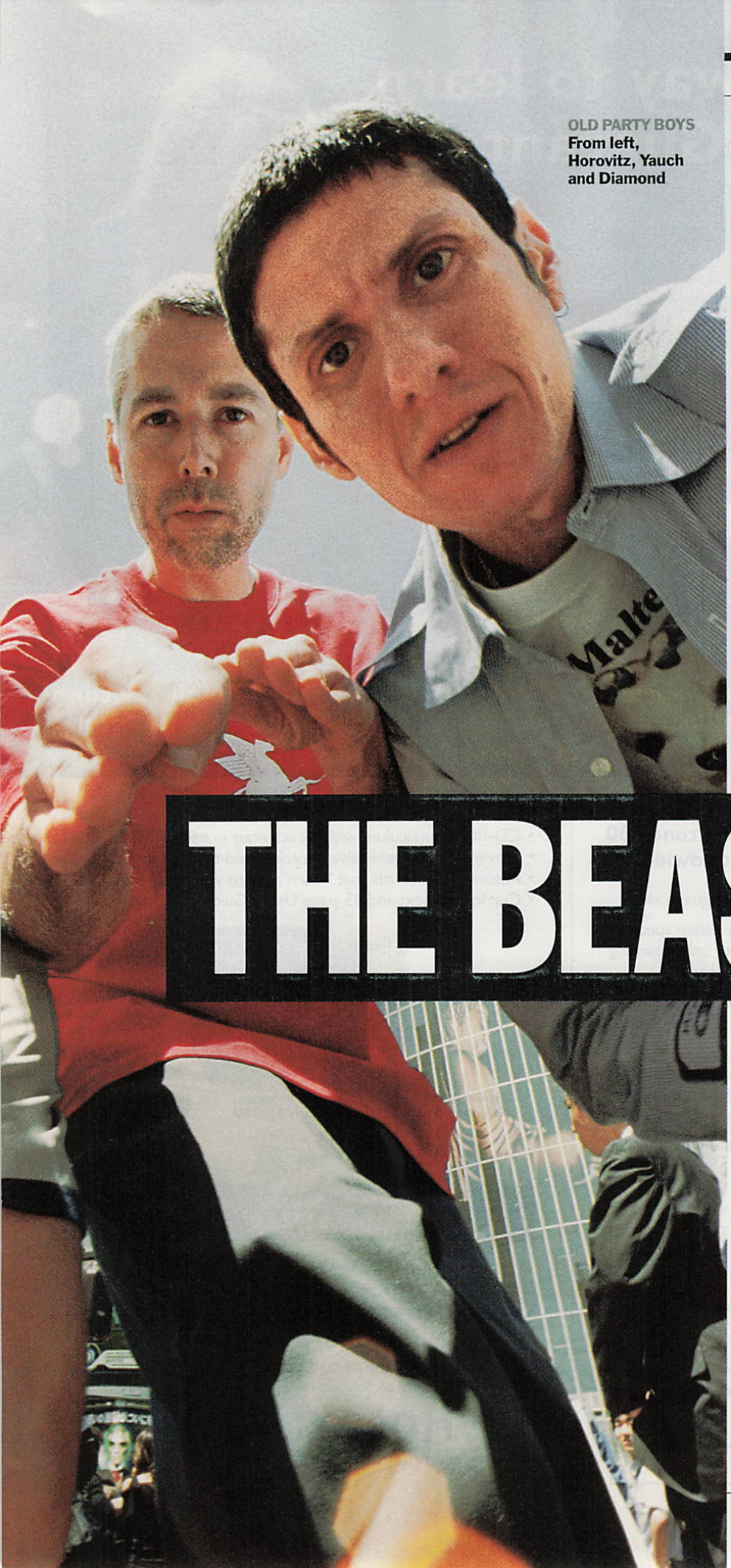
On the eve of releasing their sixth album, *To the 5 Boroughs* (out June 15), the Beastie Boys—Yauch; Mike Diamond, 38; and Adam Horovitz, 37—insist they are neither too old nor too wise for rap. They make an excellent case for themselves. Yauch fantasizes about building a medieval catapult on his roof to shower fruit on his neighbors. Diamond asks charmingly tactless questions about the salaries of TIME employees. Horovitz, the only childless Beastie, proudly calls himself Uncle Fart Joke. Even their music, which they take kind of seriously, is something of a gag. Diamond: "People ask us about this album like there's some kind of point. We've got no mission statement. We've got no plan." Yauch: "Basically, we just went into the studio and made a lot of stuff." Horovitz: "We're really not that bright."

Since the release of their previous album, *Hello, Nasty*, in 1998, the Beastie Boys have accumulated an aura of seriousness that is almost wholly undeserved. It's true that they issued a long-overdue apology for the homophobia of their historically dumb first record, 1986's *Licensed to Ill*, and continued to champion the cause of Tibetan freedom. But in much the same way that Condoleezza Rice's oft repeated desire to be commissioner of the NFL hardly makes her a jock, the Beasties' hopes for a free Tibet don't make them statesmen. The Tibet thing was just, you know, something they kind of wished would happen. But the absence of new Beastie music has had the effect of magnifying the wise and obscuring the wiseass. "That's strategy," says Horovitz. "We figure if we space our music out over years and years, we won't seem so dumb."

Diamond defends the group's six-year layoff by explaining that "band business" occupied much of that time. The rest was spent tending to the band's alter egos. Horovitz released weird electronic music under the name BS 2000. Diamond recorded satirical country tunes—*Don't Let the Air out My Tires, On Your Way Up Again (The Fowl Song)*—under the name Country Mike. Yauch, who directs many of the Beasties' videos as imaginary Swiss auteur Nathanial Hörnblowér, oversaw the *Beastie Boys DVD Video Anthology* for the Criterion Collection.

Having walked all possible avenues of procrastination, the Beastie Boys started a new album just before Sept. 11. When the planes hit, the three lower-Manhattan residents justifiably took some more time off. When they began recording in earnest, "we kind of anticipated making a pretty serious record," says Diamond. "Maybe a fifty-fifty balance of serious to ridiculously silly. But as I say, there's no plan."

TSUYOSHI ANDO



OLD PARTY BOYS
From left, Horovitz, Yauch and Diamond

THE BEASTIES

Once they were together, the sessions deteriorated into gossiping, ordering coffee, taking turns in a massage chair and recording the odd song. Typically, each Beastie Boy makes musical tracks, featuring a beat and a looped sample, on a home computer and takes the results in to play for the group. About half the tracks remain untouched, and the rest are divided by tempo. Tracks with roughly the same beats per minute are often merged. The Beasties then write lyrics, with occasional punch-up help from a thesaurus. All that took two years.

The finished product turns out to be about 25% serious and 75% silly. There's a post-9/11 track called *An Open Letter to NYC* that's as close as the Beasties ever get to Springsteen-style solemnity. Three other songs are about overthrowing President Bush and the radical right. The problem with those is not politics but priorities. There's nothing wrong with having a point of view, but there's a lot wrong with the prosody of a line like "George W.'s got nothing on we/ We got to take the power from he." In rap, rhyme still has to come before reason.

The good news is that on the 11 tracks devoted to exuberant stupidity, the Beastie Boys remain masters of the game. Over minimalist break beats and a few nice string samples, they shout out lines that merge grade school, grad school and old school. On *Oh Word?* Horovitz raps, "You gotta get up awful early to fool Mr. Furley/ And that's word to Aunt Shirley/ And you could stick your head in the toilet, give yourself a swirley." Yauch swiftly follows: "Like Ernest Shackleton said to Ord-Lees,/ 'I'll have dog pemmican with my tea.'" When the rhymes flow, the ideas buried within go down more smoothly, and on *All Life Styles*, their vision of hipster utopianism sounds both typically juvenile and wonderfully sweet: "Whether in the high rise where you live like Rhoda or in the shack and you live like Yoda/ Once again it's on, like a brand new morn/ Beatsie Beatsie Boys here to keep you all warm." When they're being idiots, the aging Beastie Boys are still quite brilliant. ■

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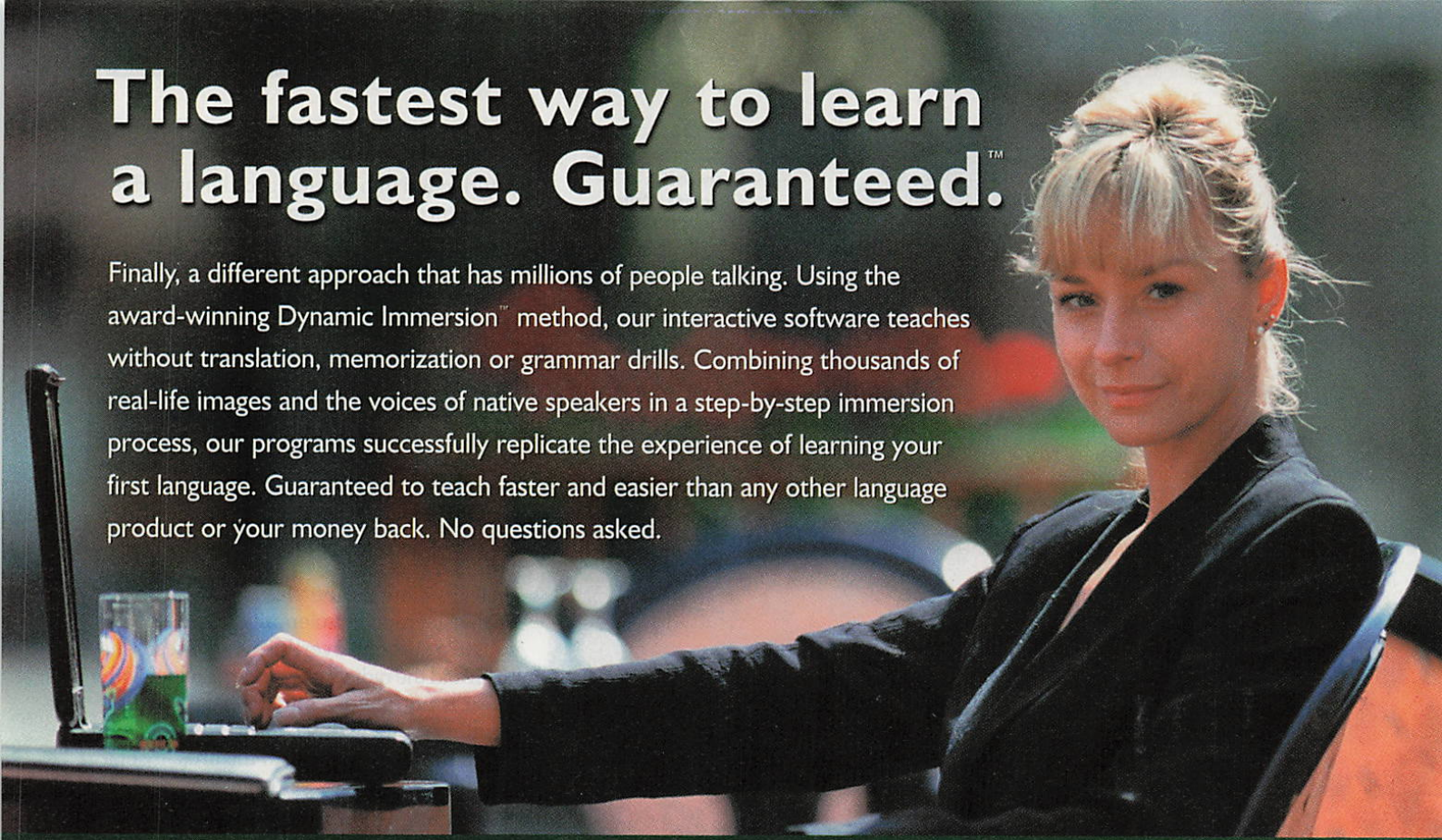

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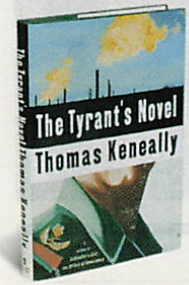
The Autumn of the Tyrant

The author of *Schindler's List* offers a novel about the horrors of life under a Saddam-like dictator

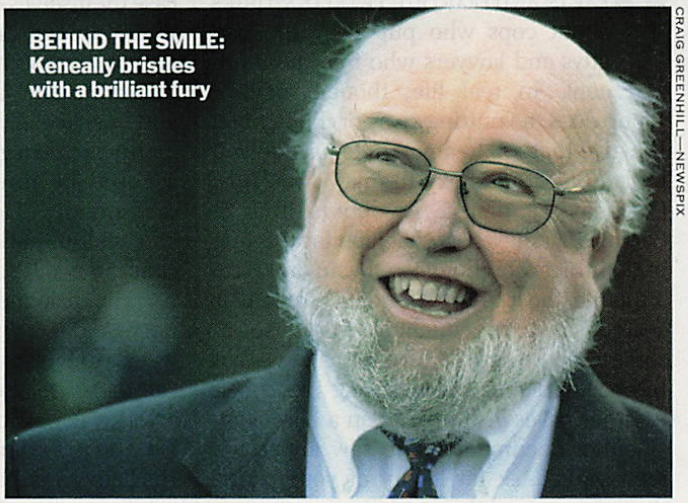


SADDAM HUSSEIN—remember him? Thomas Keneally does. In *The Tyrant's Novel* (Nan A. Talese/Doubleday; 235 pages), Keneally has produced an Orwellian fable about an unnamed nation that is unmistakably Iraq, one ruled by a whimsical killer called Great Uncle. He likes Tommy Hilfiger cologne and fears germs so much that he obliges visitors, before they come near, to change into sterile surgeon's robes and submit to an anal probe. All the same, this is a clown with a cocked pistol in his belt, so sometimes the laughs come hard. When a pool tender at one of his many palaces lets the pH level of the water climb too high, Great Uncle has him shot.

Keneally, the Australian writer best known for *Schindler's List*, has said this novel began in his feelings of "grief and shame and outrage" at the treatment of the mainly Middle Eastern refugees seeking asylum in his home country, which is why Great Uncle is not his main focus. He's merely the malign spirit who hangs over his story, a nutty potentate who comes onstage just twice, always preceded by the efficient sadists of his élite guard, each of them enclosed in his own cloud of Tommy Hilfiger. Keneally's main concern is with the trials of Alan Sheriff, a refugee at a bleak detainment camp in a nation that is plainly Australia. Sheriff has made his way there from Great Uncle's beleaguered country, where he was a writer with a budding reputation in the West and an advance from Random House to produce a novel. The flashback story he tells to a sympathetic Westerner becomes the main part of Keneally's novel.

What Sheriff had at home was a comfortable life, an actress wife he adored and a passionate thing on the side with vodka and Scotch. Then his wife suddenly dies, and in despair he buries with her the manuscript and all the computer discs of his novel. Soon after, he is drafted by Great Uncle to produce a novel—in just 31 days—that will be published in the West under the dictator's name, all to dramatize the suffering of his nation under Western-imposed sanctions. Driven half-mad by the assignment, which he knows is the ultimate command performance, the brooding, ironic Sheriff is led to question the "profoundly placed markers as to who I was in the first place." The answers, like the laughs, don't come easy.

Keneally keeps his characters close to home with a brilliantly simple sleight of hand. Though most of his story takes place in the Middle East, he gives his people Anglicized names. Turn the Salims and Adinas into Alans and Louises, and what might have been a tale of the mysterious Other becomes a story of very familiar bureaucrats and professionals seeking to secure a place for themselves. They just happen to be doing it in a world subject to the bloodthirsty caprices of Great Uncle and his cokehead offspring Sonny.


BEHIND THE SMILE: Keneally bristles with a brilliant fury

CRAIG GREENHILL—NEWSPIX

The Tyrant's Novel was written, sagely, sinuously, under the spell of Gabriel García Márquez and Mario Vargas Llosa and their mad generalissimos. There is everywhere a whiff of Graham Greene, with his moral skirmishing in the gray areas. The current Iraq war is one of those. Keneally, who knows something about lies and hypocrisy, could have told you it would be. —**By Richard Lacayo**

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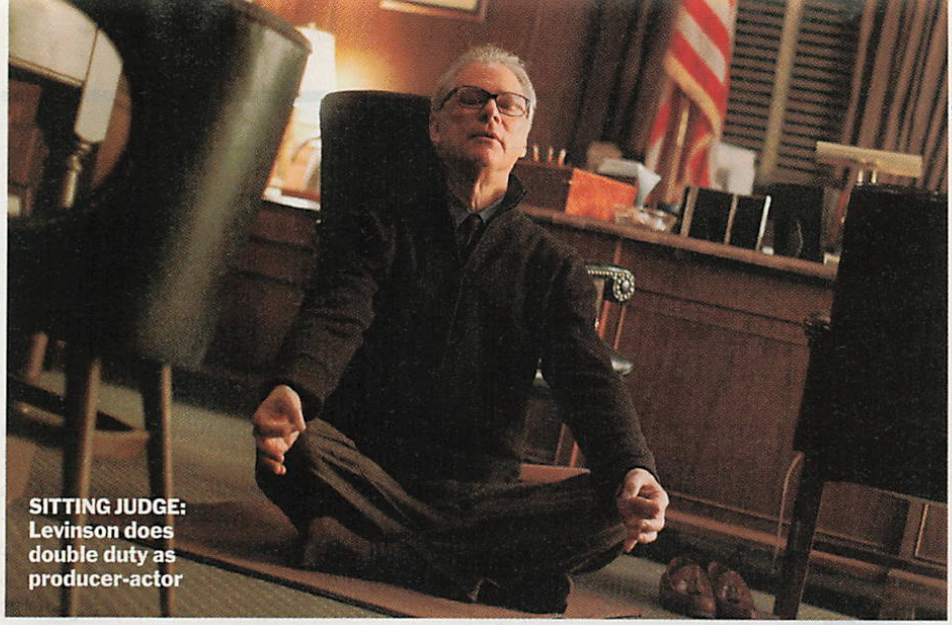

FOX

SITTING JUDGE: Levinson does double duty as producer-actor

TELEVISION

The Real Tribal Council

On the thoughtful law drama *The Jury*, justice has a fallible, idiosyncratic face—or, rather, 12 of them

YEAR IN AND YEAR OUT, TV TELLS STORIES about cops who put away the bad guys and lawyers who free the innocent. In real life, though, neither group does the putting away or the freeing. We give that job to amateurs—jurors—and early on, the Fox drama *The Jury* (Tuesdays, 9 p.m. E.T.; debuts June 8, 8 p.m. E.T.) shows us what it believes is one of their biggest influences: TV. In one case, although the young defendant's record is sealed, a juror concludes—because of something he saw on a lawyer show—that the accused must have a long rap sheet. Another bases his thinking on a Discovery Channel documentary he saw about the teen brain. Ask for a jury of your peers, dear viewer, and this is what you get.

A flawed but rewarding show about a flawed but noble process, *The Jury* comes from Barry Levinson and Tom Fontana, of *Homicide* and *Oz*. Those dramas focused on the human, fallible side of the criminal-justice system; they were good preparation for this most idiosyncratic aspect of the trial process. Even for these producers, this could not have been an easy pitch. ("You've got 12 people in a room talking, and—guys? Hello?") To liven things up, *The Jury* cuts antically to the trial, lawyer negotiations and meetings in chambers. In this sense, it resembles *Law & Order*, which must have made the pitch much easier.

But where police procedurals walk viewers through an investigation—allowing them to pretend they're solving the case themselves—*The Jury* leads them each week through the nebulous process of argument, negotiation and judgment. As important as the facts are the jurors' biases and baggage. Evaluating an expert's testimony, one man grumbles, "My wife was diagnosed by three different experts. She died anyway." The same testimony can lead two well-intentioned people to opposite conclusions. It's *12 Angry Rasho-men*.

The dialogue can be thuddingly expository, and with so many new faces each week, the characterizations are sketchy. But there are also regular courtroom characters, the best of whom is sarcastic judge Horatio Hawthorne, played by Levinson. His delivery is a bit awkward and unactorly, yet it gives the proceedings a note of documentary reality, unlike the pretty and generically well-spoken lawyers.

The Jury is part of Fox's strategy to forgo the summer-rerun season. The network launches six new shows this month, even though the summer has been friendlier to escapist confections like *The O.C.* and, especially, reality series. Then again, consider how many great reality-show moments—tribal councils, boardrooms—are just people sitting around talking. As on many reality shows, *The Jury* ends in a dramatic "reveal": a flashback, after the verdict, to the crime (or noncrime), which lets the audience see whether the jury got it right. It makes for provocative, thoughtful endings, the kind that could just make *The Jury* real enough to succeed. —**By James Poniewozik**

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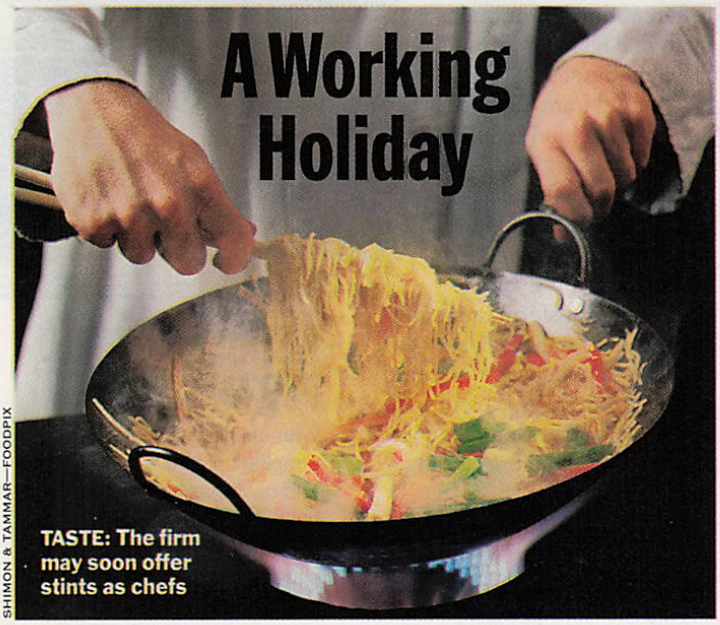


SHIMON & TAMMAR—FOODPIX

TASTE: The firm may soon offer stints as chefs

A Working Holiday

Looking to change your job? Consider vacationing your way into a new career

By LISA MC LAUGHLIN

AT SOME TIME OR ANOTHER, the feeling washes over almost everyone who works in an office: the sudden urge to give it all up and become a farmer, winemaker or baseball player. Then reality sinks in—bills, the need for a stable job, bills—and the Great Dream becomes a passing fancy.

Enter VocationVacations, the innovative new travel company based in Portland, Ore., that lets people try out their fantasy jobs in a low-risk way—while they are on vacation from their real work. "The time has come when people are ready to start thinking outside the cubicle," says company founder Brian Kurth, himself a refugee from corporate America. "This allows them to test the waters in a safe way. These are baby steps into a possible new life."

RYAN—AP

AMITY VINEYARDS in Oregon invites would-be vintners to learn the trade

In 2001, after losing his job in the dotcom bust, Kurth decided to leave Chicago and follow his passion. Instead of taking another corporate job, he ended up in Portland working in marketing for a Sonoma County–based vintner. "I realized that lots of people would like to do that sort of thing but aren't ready to risk their security in search of a dream," says Kurth.

In VocationVacations, people can explore such varied careers as winemaker, raceway manager, master gardener, innkeeper, rancher, chocolatier, cheesemaker, fishing-and-hunting outfitter or brewmaster. But these aren't dainty tours. The jobs can be hard work. Kurth matches up vacationers to work alongside mentors who are experts in the field. "It's hands-on real-world experience," he says. "If you want to be a horse trainer, you are there cleaning out the stalls. If you want to try out cheesemaking, you are going to be up at dawn milking the cows." The average trip lasts a weekend and costs between $500 and $1,000, including a follow-up session with a career coach if you're serious about making the leap to a new occupation.

Based on requests, Kurth is creating new packages, including possible stints as a chef, golf pro, news anchor, opera singer, zookeeper, pilot, archaeologist, sports announcer, photographer and a Los Angeles wedding-and-events planner. ■

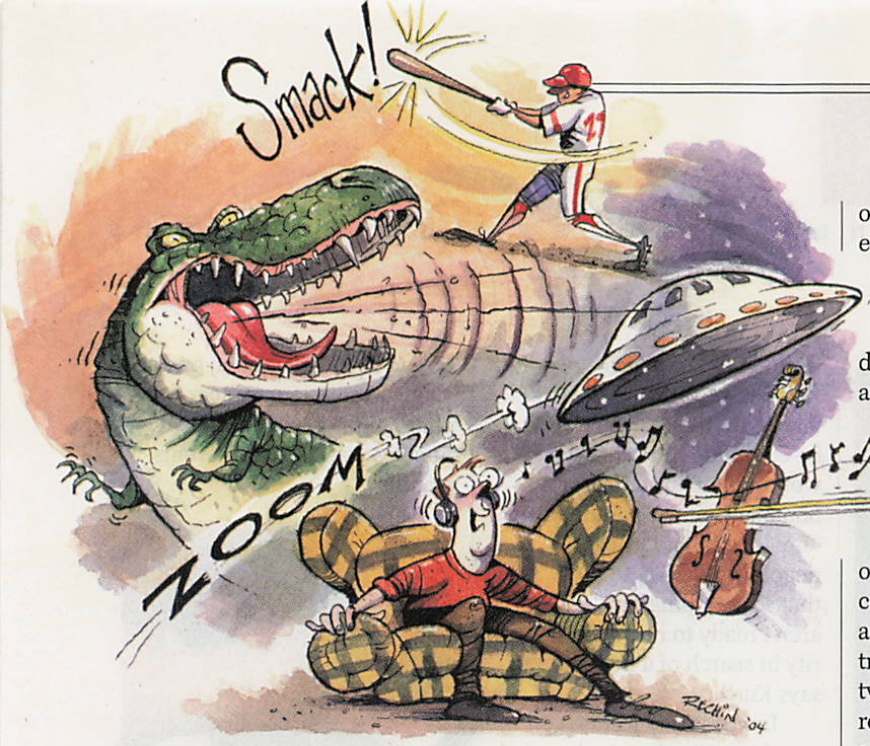
WHEN YOUR CELL NEEDS A BOOST

What can you do when your mobile-phone battery runs low and you're nowhere near a power source? New pocket-size products, compatible with most cell phones, can help. The Sidewinder ($24.95) is a hand-cranked electricity-free charger. Hook it up to your phone, and crank your way to six minutes of talk time or 30 minutes of standby time for every two minutes of turning. Or try disposable batteries, such as the Cellboost ($5.99), which plugs into your phone and provides about 60 minutes of talk time and 60 hours of standby time.

Doughnuts: Not Just for Breakfast Anymore

CORINNE WHITE

The low-carb craze may be affecting sales of Krispy Kremes, but the doughnut is finding new life as a high-end dessert. Pastry chefs are now filling their after-dinner menus with doughnuts and fritters fresh from the fryer, like the Drunken Doughnuts at New York City's Maloney and Porcelli, left, which come with three tiny jars of liquor-spiked jams. Also in Manhattan, at the Red Cat, pastry chef Rebecca Masson offers risotto fritters with gingered blueberries and wildflower honey semifreddo, while diners at Riingo are treated to doughnut holes filled with green tea jam. At Grace restaurant in Los Angeles, Elizabeth Belkind serves jelly doughnuts with a velvety vanilla custard and strawberry-buttermilk ice cream. And at Chicago's Japonais the must-have dessert is the whimsical Coffee & Doughnuts, a cup of green tea semifreddo accompanied by warm chestnut-filled beignets.



A New World of Sound

Innovative headphones promise an enveloping listening experience

By WILSON ROTHMAN

ONE OF THE DVD REVOLUTION's great leaps forward was encoding Dolby Digital surround sound on each disc—three channels in front, two in the back for atmosphere, plus a subwoofer to provide true-to-life rumbles and thuds. Until that point we had known only two-channel stereo sound, whether from a CD, the TV or a videotape.

But the DVD breakthrough also created problems. One is logistical. Whether you assemble a massive sound system or opt for a simplified "home theater in a box," you have to figure out where to place five speakers plus the subwoofer. Then there's the noise issue. If you live in an apartment, or with someone who doesn't share your love of theatrical sound, your movie nights may produce a great deal of volume—and a few enemies.

But help is on the way. One option, introduced a few years ago but only now catching on, is a Dolby-certified surround-sound wireless headphone system. Sony, which introduced its flagship set, the MDR-DS8000 ($800), last year, is about to roll out the MDR-DS3000 ($300). Pioneer this month will begin selling its first pair, the SE-DIR800C ($475), and in August Philips will launch its SBC HD1500 ($600).

The concept of the surround-sound headphone is, well, heady. Though surround sound is made for five speakers, we only have two ears. Sound from each of the five speakers ricochets off every surface in a room, reaching our ears at different times. Our brains analyze it all to discern where the sound is coming from. (Sound from behind is duller, because it has to pass through the skin flaps of our ears.) The headphones come with processors that analyze incoming sound tracks and transform them into two-channel tracks. This replicates the behavior of sound coming from five speakers and a subwoofer that would bounce around a room before landing in our ears.

How good do the headphones sound? We found they compare positively with even a medium-price surround-sound setup. In our tests (listening to *Finding Nemo*), we discerned no difference between the five-speaker system and the new Sony and Pioneer models. The only times we missed real speakers were in scenes with lots of bass. The headphones were no match for the rumble of a good subwoofer. But with the headphones you're able to find Nemo without neighbors wondering what you're looking for. ■

HEADPHONES: The Pioneer SE-DIR800C

A SHOPPING MALL FOR MUSIC

With online music stores popping up all over, Microsoft has decided to build a mall for them. Windows Media Player 10, slated for public debut this fall, will offer a collection of digital-media retailers under one virtual roof. Rather than having to download several applications, then jump from one to the next in search of content, users will be able to drop in on various vendors while remaining in Media Player. Any music or video bought in the mall will be collected in one place and will be compatible with the player and supporting hardware. Right now, it's easy to misplace songs from assorted stores or misunderstand how tracks from different stores can be played.

DVD Burners with Double the Room

When you watch a long DVD movie, you may notice a hiccup two-thirds of the way through, when the DVD player's laser jumps from the first layer of the disc's data to the second. Most DVD videos are one-sided, two-layer discs that can store the film plus extras and cinematic audio, but DVD burners for computer or home theater have until now recorded only onto single-layer discs. Sony is first with a two-layer burner, the $199 DRU-700A for Windows PCs, while Iomega and Dell are about to introduce products with double-layer DVD burning. Since a one-layer disc generally fits less than its promised two-hour maximum (owing to data taken up by the disc menu and variables of video compression), the double-layer discs are the only ones that can guarantee the room required for, uh, personal copies of feature-length films. But some players have trouble recognizing the new format, and the discs cost $12 each—more than many DVD movies on sale.

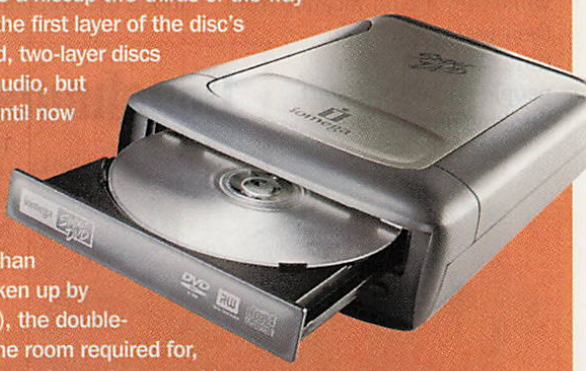
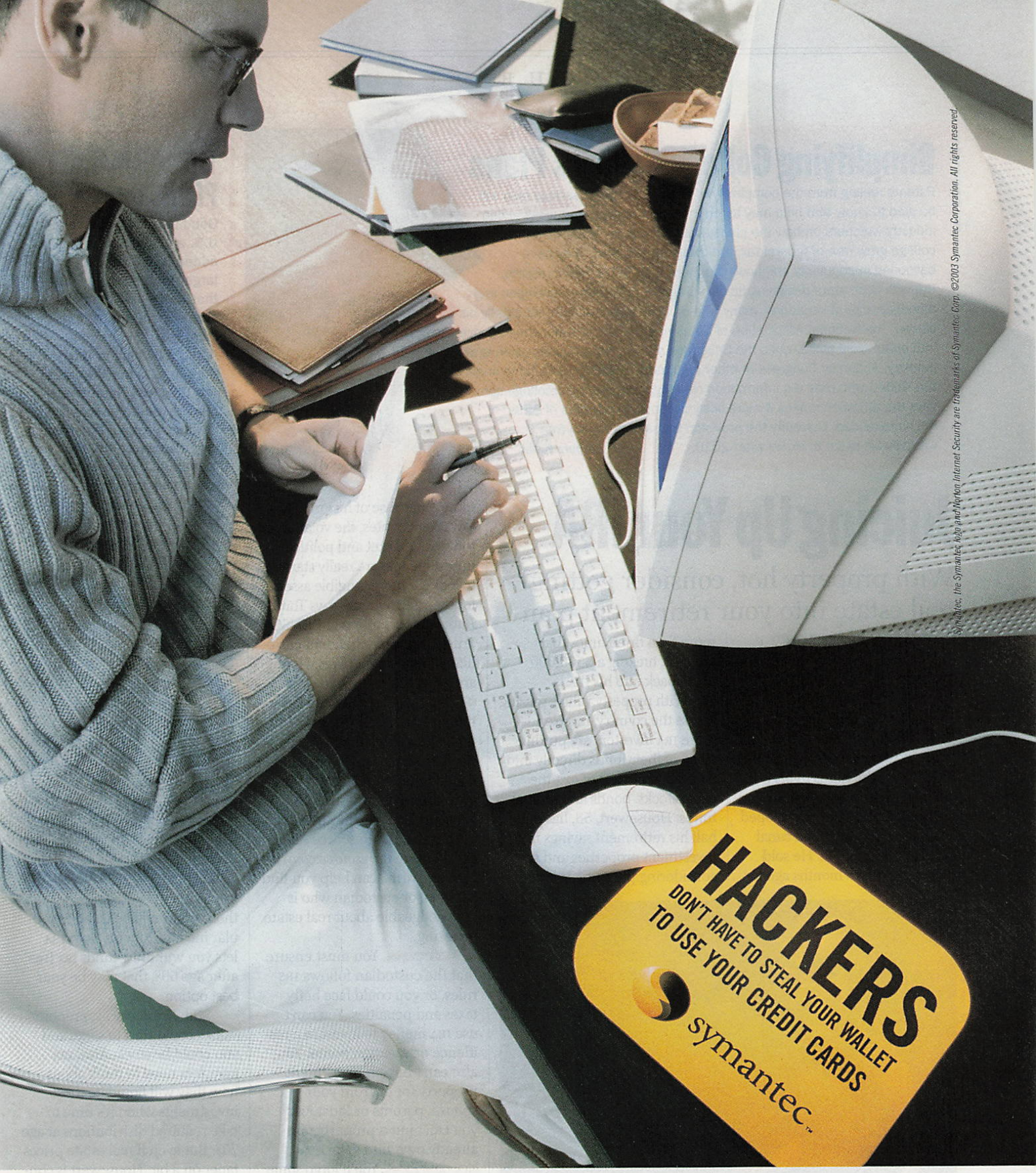


ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY KEVIN RECHIN



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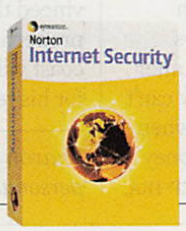

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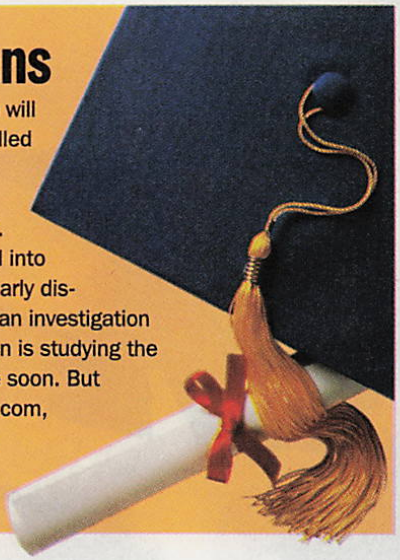
Simplifying College Savings Plans



Parents reeling from the complexity of their 529 college savings plan will be glad to know that help may be on the way. Congress last week grilled industry watchers on how the plans, which let money invested for college grow free of federal tax, are designed and sold. They have ballooned in popularity and now hold more than $50 billion in assets. But with each state designing its own program, 529s have developed into a hodgepodge of variations, many with multiple layers of fees not clearly disclosed. The National Association of Securities Dealers has launched an investigation into broker-sold plans, while the Securities and Exchange Commission is studying the industry. Action by Congress or other regulators probably won't come soon. But Joe Hurley, who runs the information clearinghouse Savingforcollege.com, says the attention makes it more likely that the tax benefits of 529s will be extended. Currently the provision that allows for tax-free withdrawals is set to expire after 2010. ***—By Barbara Kiviat***

Juicing Up Your IRA

With property hot, consider getting real estate into your retirement plan

By SHARON EPPERSON

MICHAEL HOUSEWERT isn't your typical IRA investor. Four years ago, the real estate agent at Charde Group Inc. used $195,000 of the funds in his individual retirement account to purchase a piece of undeveloped land along a sun-washed canal on Marco Island, Fla. He sold the property two months ago for more than three times that amount, tucking a $500,000 profit back into his IRA.

With property values soaring across the country, more and more IRA investors are putting some of their funds directly into real estate instead of just the usual stocks, bonds and mutual funds. Housewert, 58, has put half his retirement savings into investment properties and is considering pumping in even more. "Because of historically low interest rates, the volatility in the stock market and political unrest, people are really starting to look for more tangible assets for their retirement," says Tom Anderson, president of PENSCO Trust Co., an independent custodian of retirement plans. Here are some tips on how to do it:

GETTING STARTED. You can use money in a traditional IRA, Roth IRA or simplified employee pension plan (SEP-IRA) to buy land, condos, commercial real estate or residential properties. But you can't serve as the custodian of your IRA. IRA Resource Associates (*www.iraresource.com*) in Camas, Wash., can help you find a trustee or custodian who is knowledgeable about real estate investing.

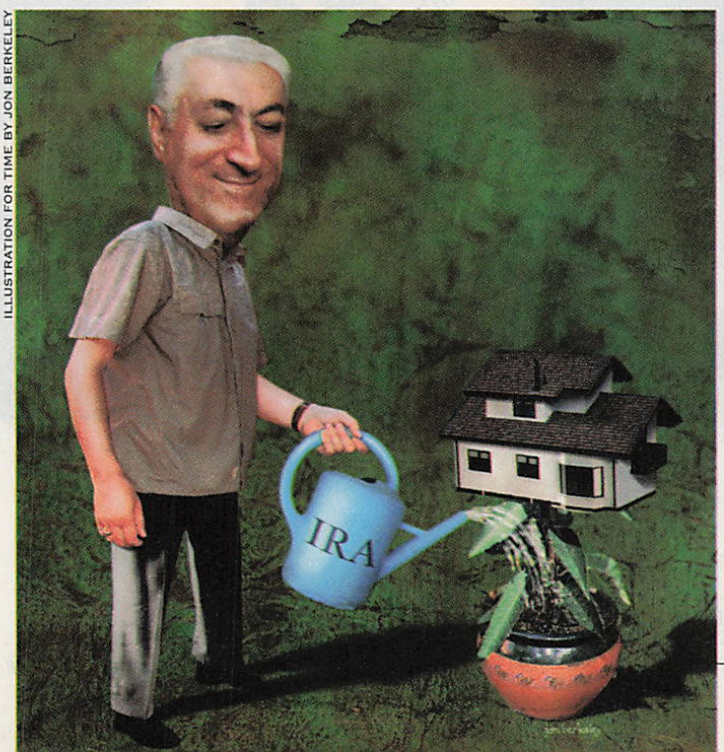
RESTRICTIONS. You must ensure that the custodian follows IRS rules, or you could face hefty taxes and penalties. You can't use IRA money to invest in a residence or vacation home. You also can't buy an investment property for or from your spouse, parents or kids. And you can't put a property you already own into your IRA.

TAX CONCERNS. You'll forgo some tax benefits associated with investing in real estate, says Islandia, N.Y., financial planner Michael Kresh. You usually can't deduct depreciation, and when you begin withdrawing money from a traditional IRA or SEP-IRA, those funds will be taxed as regular income. Since a Roth IRA lets you withdraw funds tax free after age 59½, that may be your best option.

Still, Kresh warns, property values could start to slide, and you could be stuck. Also, IRA investors need to think about how they will liquidate those investments when it's time to take required distributions at age 70½. But even if real estate prices taper off a bit, Housewert is convinced that investing his IRA in properties on Florida's sunny coast will lead to brighter days for his retirement savings. ■

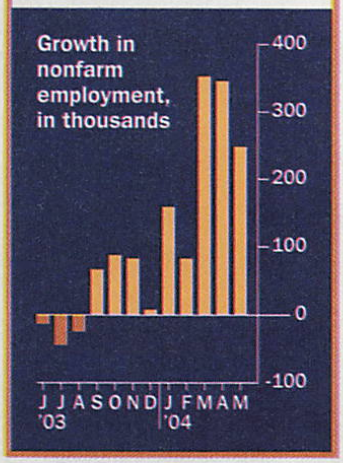
Sharon Epperson is CNBC's personal-finance correspondent

ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY JON BERKELEY



THE JOB MARKET PERKS UP

Good news for job seekers: U.S. employers last month added 248,000 jobs, a larger than expected gain that follows on the heels of sizable nonfarm payroll increases in March and April, according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics. The Business Roundtable announced other promising news last week. When the group surveyed its CEO members, 38% said their companies would be adding jobs over the next six months, compared with just 33% who made that prediction three months ago. ***—B.K.***



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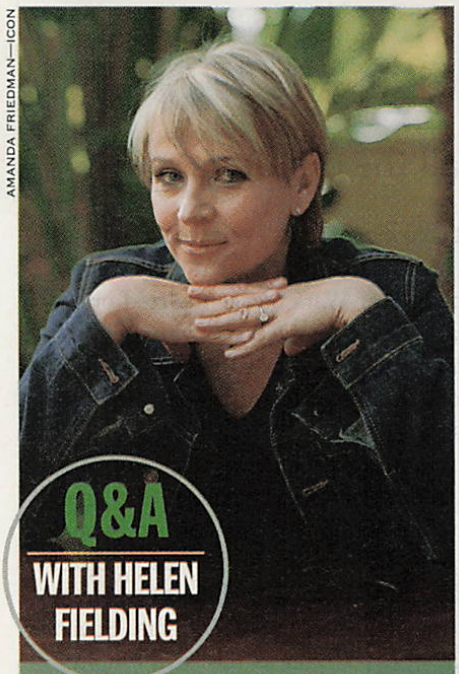


AMANDA FRIEDMAN—ICON

Q&A WITH HELEN FIELDING

Helen Fielding's *(Bridget Jones's Diary)* new novel is *Olivia Joules and the Overactive Imagination*

Is writing a spy novel your reaction to 9/11? Yeah. It doesn't seem quite as appropriate to spend all day obsessing about the exact circumference of your thighs. It's kind of a comforting thought if you have this alter ego who takes on the enemies and vanquishes them with derring-do. It cheers you up.

Your heroine appears to fall for a terrorist. Did you worry you might offend? My books have all generated controversy. *Bridget Jones* was considered a disgrace to feminism. Comedy tends to come out of things which are quite painful and serious.

Do you like being the godmother of chick lit? I like the idea that it was all my idea, though the truth is, it was zeitgeist. It was a group of women that fiction hadn't caught up with yet.

What do you make of the fuss over Renée Zellweger's weight in the* Bridget Jones *movies? Nobody seems that interested when I put on 15 pounds. I can do it really quickly too.

Aren't female spies usually the bad guys? They're either sidekicks and just shags or on the other side. It's rather fun writing a female spy, because she has so much more kit. Bond never carried a hair dryer or a makeup bag. And he certainly didn't wear an uplift bra. It's amazing what you can put in the booster packs in the underwiring.

SOTTO VOCE MINNIE

FIRST LOOK

She may play a nightmare diva in December's *Phantom of the Opera* movie, but busy Brit **MINNIE DRIVER** is grounded enough to know her budding music career hasn't prepared her to deliver pop arias. Driver, whose first album, a "super-lo-fi, Cowboy Junkies kind of thing," is due in October, doesn't sing in the film version of the Andrew Lloyd Webber musical. "It would have been ridiculously arrogant to believe I could pull it off without a lifetime of training," says the *Good Will Hunting* star, who appears with Gerard Butler as the Phantom. Besides, the role of Carlotta provides other outlets for Driver's pipes. "I do a lot of babbling and screaming in Italian," she says. "I enjoyed that quite a bit."

ALEX BAILEY—WARNER BROS.

Screening Soon in Sacramento

Unfortunately for California's 38th Governor, his next movie role can't be recalled. In this month's *Around the World in 80 Days*, an adaptation of the Jules Verne novel starring Jackie Chan and Steve Coogan, **ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER** has a very unstatesmanlike cameo as a libidinous Turkish prince. Filmed last July—before he had a really, really big state to run—Schwarzenegger's scenes won't help him shed his Governor Groper image. In the movie's trailer, the bewigged action hero entreats a comely blond to become his seventh wife: "One for each day of the week. Do Tuesdays work for you?" The Governor's office declined to comment on his role in the film. California's crucial polygamist vote, though, seems a lock.

DANUTA OTFINOWSKI

ROAD TRIPP

There was a time when lots of people wished **LINDA TRIPP** would leave the country. Now that she's got a new do and a new beau, Monica Lewinsky's indiscreet confessor plans to take a posse with her. Tripp and her German fiancé, who run a boutique together in Virginia, are leading tours of Germany, Austria and the Czech Republic. "It's a great opportunity for all my detractors to come along," jokes Tripp. Sounds fun. Just watch what you gossip about on the tour bus.

Charles Krauthammer

He Could See for Miles

Reagan had a vision and the courage to endure all the doubters

WHAT MADE RONALD REAGAN THE GREATEST PRESIDENT of the second half of the 20th century? Well, he certainly had the one quality Napoleon always sought in a general: luck. Luck in his looks, luck in his voice, luck in his smile, luck in his choice of mate (although for Reagan the second time was the charm).

And the greatest luck that any President can have: trouble, serious trouble. An acquaintance of Bill Clinton's has said that he felt frustrated that Sept. 11 did not happen on his watch. That is understandable (if characteristically self-centered) because the best chance any President has for greatness is to be in power during war or disaster. Apart from the Founders, the only great President we have had in good times is Theodore Roosevelt. Abraham Lincoln and Franklin Roosevelt were the "luckiest" of them all, having had the opportunity to take the country triumphantly through the two greatest wars in U.S. history.

Reagan's luck was to find a nation in trouble—in post-Vietnam retreat and disorientation. His political genius was to restore its spirit. And his legacy was winning the longest war in American history, the long twilight struggle of the cold war.

PETE SOUZA—THE WHITE HOUSE

FAREWELL: Riding out of Washington after leaving office, January 1989

He achieved all that with two qualities: courage and conviction. Conviction led him to initiate economic shock therapy to pull the U.S. out of the stagflation of the 1970s. Courage allowed him not to flinch when his radical economic policies (and those of a merciless Federal Reserve) initially caused the worst recession since the Great Depression—and during a congressional election year (1982) to boot.

Reagan didn't waver, and by 1984 it was morning in America. The new prosperity gave a lilt to the rest of his presidency. But you don't get called great for lilt. You get called great for victory. And Reagan won the cold war.

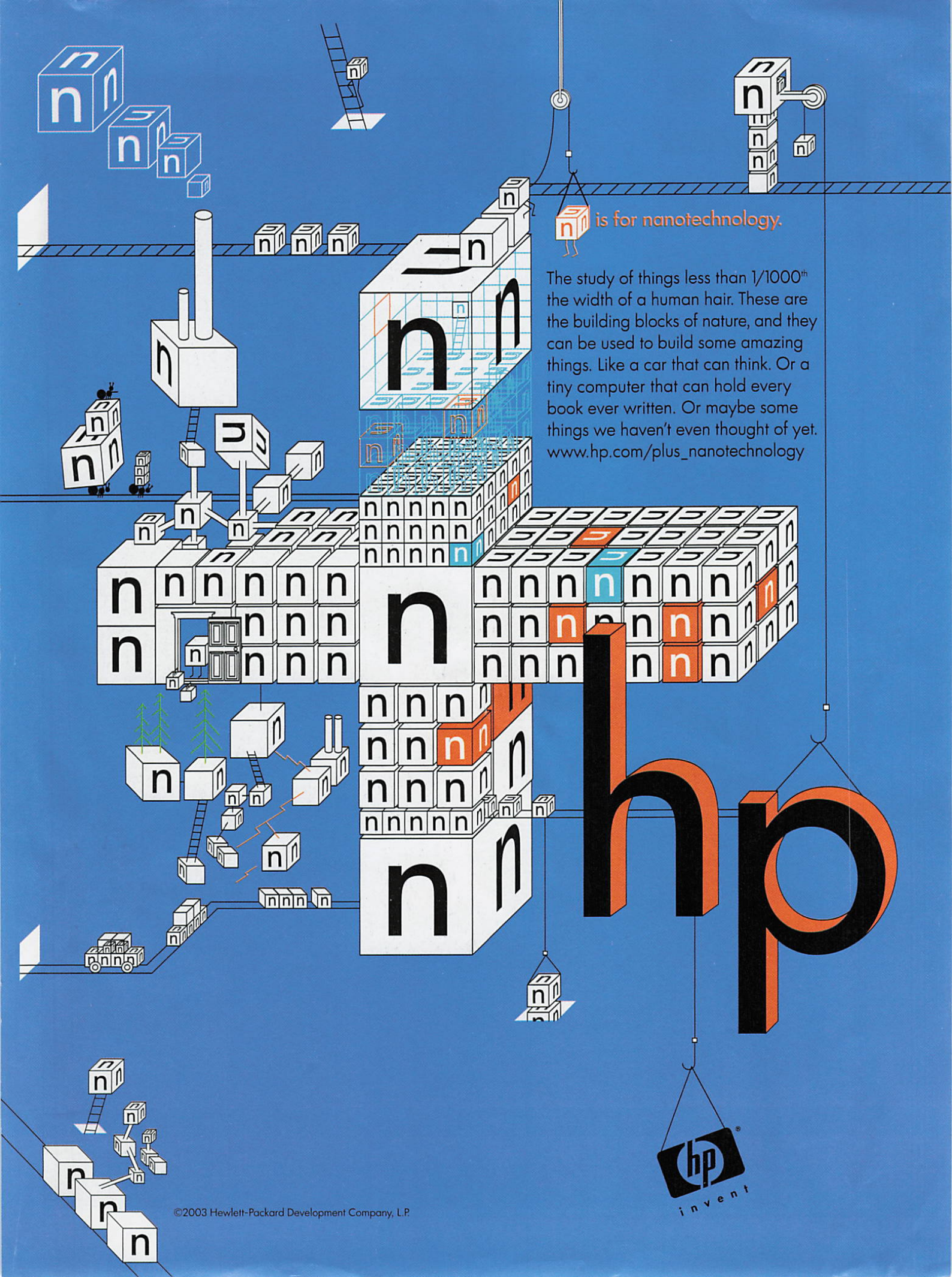
Conviction told him that the proper way to deal with this endless, enervating, anxiety-ridden ordeal was not settling for stability but going for victory. Courage allowed him to weather the incessant, at times almost universal, attacks on him for the radical means he chose to win it: the military buildup; nuclear deployments in Europe; the Reagan doctrine of overt support for anticommunist resistance movements everywhere, including Nicaragua; and the pièce de résistance, strategic missile defenses, derisively dubbed Star Wars by scandalized opponents. Within eight years, an overmatched, overwhelmed, overstretched Soviet Union was ready for surrender, the historically breathtaking, total and peaceful surrender of everything—its empire and its state.

Reagan won that war not just with radical policies but also with a radically unashamed ideological challenge, the great 1982 Westminster speech predicting that communism would end up in the "ash heap of history" and the subsequent designation of the Soviet Union as the "evil empire." That won him the derision of Western sophisticates, intellectuals and defeatists of all kinds. It also won him the undying admiration of liberation heroes from Vaclav Havel to Natan Sharansky. Rarely does history render such decisive verdicts: Reagan was right, his critics were wrong. Less than a year after he left office, the Berlin Wall came down.

The ungenerous would say he had a great presidency but was not a great man. That follows the tradition of his opponents who throughout his career consistently underestimated him, disdaining him as a good actor, a *Being There* simpleton who could read scripts written for him by others. In fact, Reagan frustrated his biographers because he was so complex—a free-market egalitarian, an intellectually serious nonintellectual, an ideologue with great tactical flexibility.

With the years, the shallow explanations for Reagan's success—charm, acting, oratory—have fallen away. What remains is Reagan's largeness and deeply enduring significance. Let Edward Kennedy, the dean of Democratic liberalism, render the verdict: "It would be foolish to deny that his success was fundamentally rooted in a command of public ideas ... Whether we agreed with him or not, Ronald Reagan was a successful candidate and an effective President above all else because he stood for a set of ideas. He stated them in 1980—and it turned out that he meant them—and he wrote most of them not only into public law but into the national consciousness."

There is no better definition of presidential greatness. ■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